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## THE MAGICIAN OF NAPLES: —OR— LOVE AND NECROMANCY. A STORY OF ITALY AND THE EAST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A VILLAIN DETECTED.



Gobbo the hunchback, sat with his arms upon a table, and his face now and then buried in them, and now only the chin, ruminating, as one might do who was puzzling over a knotty and difficult thread of evidence. Now taking up a thread here, now there, and striving to join each section rightly together. It was in the Widow Lenti's humble abode, on the Numedi; and the singular individual who seemed so isolated from his fellow beings by the mark which had been put upon him, was in his own humble apartment. Its furniture indicated a simple taste; no ornaments of any kind were visible; and only a table, chair, and the bed on which he slept, indicated that the room was occupied. He was muttering partly aloud; and you would now and then detect the name of Bartolo, the steward, concerning whom the hunchback was evidently thinking. "Too quick; I got him under the influence of the wine too quick; if he had been more abstemious he would have revealed more." This Gobbo said sufficiently loud to form a connected sentence and show the drift of his thoughts.

"But," continued the hunchback, still musing aloud, "what he whispered to me is the greatest puzzle of all; that I cannot understand without further clue, nor surmise to what it can possibly lead. It is strange that this matter should interest me so, and puzzle me so too. I thought I had a clear head when need be, but this I cannot trace or follow. Never mind; my stratagem will probably succeed, and then more can easily be discovered."

And again the hunchback buried his face in his hands and mused in silence, until strange thoughts and purposes seemed to greatly excite him; he rose from his seat and seemed fairly to forget for the time his lameness and deformity; some strange spirit had possessed him,—for he talked most incoherently. "Fore heaven, 'tis strange that no such thought should before have struck me; 'twas blindness, wilful stupidity. I have light breaking upon my brain now, and I pray heaven to give me strength and fortitude to unravel this dark snare of deception and villany; and if success crown my efforts, then need none, the halt, the lame, or the blind, ever again repine!"

The hunchback had strange motives and remarkable incentives to urge him on to action, as the course of our story will show. Here in the Widow Lenti's house he seemed solitary and alone, avoiding all intimate companionship, and yet at times showing himself eminently fitted to sustain the kindest relations. He was moody, and inclined to privacy and lonely reflection; but all that might be owing to the character he presented ever to the thoughtless eye. Few persons can sustain even the slightest personal blemish without suffering some degree of mortification; and it was not surprising that the hunchback should therefore experience a natural reserve and isolated feeling with regard to himself.

As it regarded his real, intrinsic, undisguised character, as the Widow Lenti was wont to term it, she was most eloquent and open in his praise, more especially touching his liberal charities and strict honesty in pecuniary matters. But all this was only known among the humble class of that section of Naples which bordered on the bay and in the immediate neighborhood of the Numedi. The police, for some reason or other, had more than once had their attention directed towards him, and more particularly when he frequented for a short time Bartolo's lodge.

But they could discover no actionable wrong in him. The part he took in the deliverance of Pedro Elmini was never laid to his charge, and he was, as a general thing, looked upon as a

harmless and inoffensive person, perhaps a little weak in mind, but still able to bear the part of a good citizen; and therefore he remained perfectly undisturbed, by even the police themselves. At any rate, they did not interfere with him at all, and he appeared as usual day after day at the wine-shop and in the square of the Numedi. But let what might be the estimate in which others held him, one thing was certain: Gobbo himself cared little for these things, and moved along quite indifferent to them.

To an acute observer there seemed always about him something a little under the rose, something that Gobbo was not prepared to reveal; and yet the masses, those with whom he seemed entirely to associate, were not a people who would naturally observe this; it was only those who saw him casually, and who belonged to a little more elevated class of the community than that which he represented, that would have been apt to notice this peculiarity of his character. But that Gobbo had a large heart, one and all were ready to bear testimony.

The plot of our story renders it necessary for us to follow still the fortunes and conduct of the steward, Bartolo Tonti. Since his master, Count Colonna, had been warned not to trust him too far, he had been more watchful of his steward, and oftener held him to account for moneys placed in his hands for disbursement; had himself, as he could get opportunity, looked over the grounds, and somewhat to the domestic business heretofore entirely trusted to the sole control of the steward. Bartolo could not but observe this change in his master, and feared that some of his shortcomings in duty, or some of his dishonest accounts, had been discovered by the count; but he knew not how to defend himself, since no open charge against his honesty was made; but that he was suspected was evident enough to himself.

One afternoon, at this period of our story, Bartolo found himself summoned to his master's presence, who calmly demanded of him an account of his late disbursements in behalf of his lordship's estate and domestic matters. Bartolo answered that he had not his book of current accounts with him, but, with his lordship's permission, he would hasten to his lodge and procure it, when he could lay the whole matter before him.

Gratified at this seeming promptness, the steward was permitted to go to his lodge for the purpose; but ere long he returned with honest surprise depicted on his face, mingled with mortification, declaring that the book was not to be found, nor had he the least idea what had become of it. Count Colonna did not know whether to believe his servant or not. He already suspected him of dishonesty and treachery, and this circumstance was certainly not calculated to relieve his mind of such impressions; but life steward was bidden to go and find his book at all hazards.

To do him justice, this was no trick of Bartolo's; he had indeed lost the book, which, honest or dishonest as the case might be, was yet kept in such a manner that he would not have hesitated to show it to the count the moment he asked for it, could he find the same. Every nook and corner was hunted over, and rewards offered to the servants should any of them be able to find and return it—but all to no purpose. The book was lost, irrevocably gone; at least, so it appeared. In this dilemma, Bartolo felt, that however guilty he might be, there was in this connection a circumstance operating severely against him, for which he was in no way to blame; for he could not but see the expression upon his master's countenance at the reception of the excuse. His search was equally unavailing and unavailing, until at last some one suggested that he should consult the magician, Mustapha Effendi. Any hope, however weak, of finding the book, was seized upon by Bartolo, who, though he had never visited the magician, had yet often heard of him, and at once resolved that there could at any rate be no harm in seeking information from him touching the matter; and so he was shortly before the magician's door.

The forms which have already been described

to the reader, were observed on this occasion, and the steward found himself face to face with the tall, commanding person of the magician, and surrounded by a conglomeration of articles that gave an effect as puzzling as it was striking. Quite confounded at all this, the steward stammered out something which was meant to explain his business there, but which was in fact quite unintelligible. He was, however, put comparatively at his ease by the magician, who readily told him that he knew very well what business had brought him there, and, to the additional astonishment of Bartolo, he informed him that he was in search of his lost book of accounts.

"Ah! I pray you, sir," said Bartolo, excited with the hope, "can I by any power get my book again; can you restore it to me? My lord is very hard on me, and unless I recover it, he will not forgive me."

"There are many things to be considered," cautiously answered the magician.

"I will pay you any fair sum—ten marks—to get it for me."

"Nay; 'tis not for gold alone that these things may be done. Beshink you now, Bartolo, what wrong have you done that may be atoned?"

"I know not," replied the steward, lowering his eyes.

"Or, rather, you know so many that you know not where to begin."

"They told me you would give me information of this book if I would pay for it. I will do so, but I have not come here to be catechised," said Bartolo.

"While here, Bartolo, you are secure from the hands of the law, and your confessions here are strictly between ourselves; but confess you must!"

"If I am to be threatened, I will leave here at once."

"And lose all chance of your pocket-book of accounts?"

"How know I that they can be produced here?"

"I will whisper one word to you," said the magician, leaning forward and saying something in a low tone of voice in the steward's ear.

Whatever the magician had said, it acted like magic upon the steward, who now only sought to be put in possession of the book and a certain memorandum which it contained, and which he had not before missed, probably being the subject of which the magician had spoken to him. The air of assurance and confidence which had characterized the manner of the steward up to this time was now quite changed, and there was evidence that the book contained some matter of information, or a clue to some rascality, that Bartolo until now had not remembered. He besought the magician to give him the book and papers, as it was plainly evident that he had them in his possession.

Mustapha Effendi, whatever his object might be, regarded the steward with a most scrutinizing eye, and Bartolo quailed before his stern and steady gaze. He felt that the magician somehow had him in his power; he knew not why, but the master spirit of those eyes pierced his very soul, and seemed to reveal its hidden secrets. Thus he who but a moment before was so confident and bold, now absolutely fell upon his knees, and tremblingly besought the strange man before him to give him his book and papers, and permit him to depart upon the payment of any sum he possessed.

"Only guilt is thus cowardly, thus debased," said the magician, scornfully, as he regarded the abject Bartolo at his feet. "Long have you acted the part of the deceiver, and now it is well that you should feel the bitter pangs of repentance. You know, Bartolo Tonti, that the paper to which I have just referred is known in its singular story to but one living soul, yourself, until my eyes fell upon it. You know to whom that paper refers, know all its import, know where the treasures therein referred to are hidden,—hush! do not interrupt me by denying this; I know more than you may think I do. You are discovered in your secret; you can no longer play the part in which you have so long been an actor. And yet you may be left to your own conscience for punishment, and not to the tender mercies of the law, provided—mark me, Bartolo, I am in earnest—provided you reveal to me at once such portions of the thread of this discovery as is yet not clearly defined in the paper of which I have spoken to you. Now pause for one moment, and then answer me; will you confess?"

"I do not—have—I—" stammered the miserable steward.

"Pause but one instant in your decision, and I will not waste an hour on you, but will apply the sharp fangs of the law to draw from you the confession in public, which, if revealed here, will save your miserable life."

Even rats, those most miserable and timid of domestic plagues and animals, when "cornered," will fight. Bartolo lifted his eyes for a moment

to those of the magician, and you might have read in them a strange conflict of emotions—fear, rage, pain, revenge. The man before him had evidently possessed himself of the great and fearful secret of the steward's life; he was completely in his power, even to the extent of his life; safety only seemed to exist, in that momentary glance of Bartolo's eye, in that man's death! A cold shudder seemed to shake the steward; murder seemed written before his eyes upon the very walls, as of yore was written in letters of fire that fearful line at Belshazzar's feast; his hand grasped the dagger that every Italian of that day bore in his bosom; gradually he gathered his feet beneath him, and, suddenly sprang upon the raised platform on which the magician stood, at the same time aiming a deadly blow at his heart!

But the steward little knew the man whom he had thus attacked. The liability to personal attacks was one of the contingencies of the magician's business. He was fully aware of that; and his quick eye had detected the movement and purpose of Bartolo, who, as he landed upon the platform, received a blow upon his head that would almost have felled an ox, and sent him staggering and finally falling upon his back in the middle of the reception room. Here, as if by magic, there was instantly standing over him the person of Hassan, with the muzzle of a loaded pistol aimed at the steward's head. The dagger was snatched from his feeble grasp, and he was too bewildered to clearly regain his consciousness for some moments, while the intense pain in his head from the blow he had received, caused a dizzy nausea to possess and completely enervate his whole system.

At a sign from his master, Hassan retired to the door and there stood with his weapon cocked for use, while the magician carelessly seated himself as though nought uncommon had occurred to break the usual routine of business in his calling. This strange procedure puzzled and still more amazed Bartolo, who now staggering forward to his former position, exclaimed:

"There is no use in struggling. I am at your mercy, and must submit."

"It would have been the wisest course at the outset," was the answer.

"Name the sum I shall pay you to give me up possession of those papers."

"Bartolo Tonti, money will not buy them. Watch yonder vase."

The steward turned his head as was indicated, and from beneath the flame in the iron vase there sprang up apparently a bronze wire, upon the end of which was poised a book. It was the steward's account book. And at a sign from his master, Hassan brought this and handed it to Bartolo.

"There is your book; that will relieve you from any trouble with the count; but to me you must be responsible for the contents of the paper it contained. I think we understand each other now, and you may draw nearer; seat yourself there." As the magician spoke he pointed to a seat near to the platform where Bartolo previously seated himself. Naturally, he was a coward; and it was only in such a case of absolute and extraordinary emergency that he could have been induced to exhibit such a spirit as he had just done. The magician had completely conquered him, and the steward again covered beneath his searching gaze.

"You have led a strange and villainous career," commented the magician; "a career of constant vice, because your life has been for a score of years or more one continued lie, a series of never failing acts of deceit. You have lived on the personification of a falsehood. You see that I know you thoroughly, do I not?"

"I cannot gainsay it," replied the abject and trembling steward.

By the papers which were with that book, the humblest man in Naples could convict you of fraud. I do not propose to do this in the law; but you must and shall confess to me the whole of this business. There are other papers, too, besides these, are there not?"

"There are."

"In your possession?"

"In my lodge."

"These must be produced. I shall retain those I have now in my possession, and you must bring me the rest."

"I am in your power," groaned Bartolo, "and will obey you."

"Then once more we fully understand each other. By these papers I learn that some treasure has been entrusted to your keeping, and the care of some person connected or interested in that property given in charge to you; that for some reason, not specified therein, this matter was to be kept a secret for a given period of time, after which, and contingent upon some anticipated event, the story was to be divulged to the Count Alban Colonna, and the funds placed in your hands for safe keeping were to be restored to their rightful inheritor, and to be ap-

propriated for no other purpose. Do I state the business correctly thus far?"

"You do."

"And you fully acknowledge that you received this double trust?"

"I did."

"Have you fulfilled its purpose?"

"No."

"But have kept all a secret, for your own pecuniary benefit?"

"I cannot deny it," said Bartolo, seeing that it was useless to do so.

"Now, Bartolo, you have my promise, that if you deal honestly with me, I will keep my word, and will not give you up to justice, that is, to legal justice. To the severe court of your own conscience you will have to account, and no power can relieve you from that; but to the law of Naples I will not denounce you, provided you keep good faith with me, answer my questions truly, and furnish me with the other portion of these papers of which we have spoken. Will you do this?"

"I will."

"If you think you can do otherwise and escape the power of Mustapha Effendi, perhaps you had better satisfy yourself whether it is possible, for were you to deceive me and hide yourself in the deepest bowels of the earth, I could find you and bring you to justice and punishment."

"Indeed I will keep my word," said the steward, fairly trembling at the stern, deep tones of the magician's voice, and cowering beneath the power of his remarkable eye. Indeed, as Mustapha Effendi spoke to him now, he was plainly in earnest, and his whole soul beamed from his features.

"Years ago," continued the magician, "there lived a boy with you, named Alphonse, did there not?—a lad of bright parts, a favorite at the palace, and the companion of the count's daughter."

"True," answered Bartolo, briefly, and without raising his eyes.

"For reasons which matter not, he was sent away from his home?"

"He was."

"Whither?"

"I know not."

"Do you mean to say that you know not where he was sent?"

"He shipped for Constantinople, but where he went we never knew."

"That boy you claimed as your son, Bartolo?"

"I did."

"And he was the party referred to in the papers we have spoken of?"

"He was."

"Very well; we are getting on now very properly," said the magician, with an expression of satisfaction radiating his dark features. "Now, Bartolo, who was that boy?"

"I know not."

"Would you deceive me?"

"May the virgin bear me witness," said Bartolo, earnestly, "I know not who that boy Alphonse was any better than you do. Perhaps the other papers reveal this secret. Indeed, I have every reason to know that they do, but I have never read, never even opened them, save those you now possess. I am not entrusted with the boy's story any farther."

The magician regarded him closely as he spoke; he studied the expression of his features, and seemed satisfied that he spoke truly. A pause followed his words, and Mustapha Effendi seemed for a period to be musing to himself upon the subject before him, while the steward now seemed to regard him with a sort of mysterious awe. The scene was a strange one. That dark Oriental-looking man, so mysteriously tall when he rose to his feet, so heavily bearded, so like a spirit of the night sitting there as in the light of a judge, while the miserable insignificant Bartolo, in comparison with the magician, sat on a seat so nearly at the feet of the master spirit of the place, that he seemed, as he really was doing in spirit, grovelling at his very feet.

"At what age was that boy entrusted to you?"

"He was an infant, and he could hardly go alone."

"You had a wife at the time, had you not?"

"I had, and a child about the same age as the new comer. Our child was sent away from us for a period, and the new comer passed as our own. For a time this was our situation; but my wife sickened and died. Our true child died not long after, and Alphonse, being thus left to my care, was seen and petted by my lady's nurse, who brought him to the palace as a playmate for the count's infant daughter, and thus I was at once relieved from all care and responsibility of him. Up to that time I believe I had been an honest and faithful servant to the Colonna family; but now the spirit of evil tempted me. I was the only living person who held the secret entrusted to my keeping; it involved a princely fortune; to me an amount of wealth I had hardly ever conceived of. The temptation



was too great. I buried the secret in my heart, heeded not my promises and duty, but turned the means entrusted to me into gold, and buried that beneath the rocks of my lodge."

"I believe the truth is being revealed now," said the magician.

"I have reserved nothing, and shall gladly give you up the papers, if you will but do justice in the matter," continued Bartolo; "for this secret has so long weighed upon my soul that the idea of being relieved from it at almost any cost already lightens my heart." As the steward said this he raised his eyes to the magician's face, and, actuated by this first step towards a realizing sense of repentance and reform, he looked like a true man. The sinister and unsettled expression of his features was gone, and a calm malice took its place.

O, guilt and deceit, what hideous painters art thou of the human face! It needs rivers of tears, poured from the wells of the repentant heart, to wash out your traces, and yet the first smile of the angel who leads the culprit back towards the paths of virtue and of truth will illumine, as on Bartolo's face just now, the canvass that thou hast so much despoiled.

This change was not unnoticed by the magician, who was quick to argue good from it, and to improve for his own purpose, which seemed to be for justice. A gracious smile crossed his features, and he spoke in an altered tone to the steward. He bade him hold to his goodly purpose, and that he would aid him in bringing it to a proper issue; that the only tribunal before which he should be arraigned was that which ever sits within every man's breast; that he might still do justice, though he did it tardily; might still keep his promise, and honestly perfect the trust that had been confided to him.

Though Bartolo did not see how this could be, since he thought Alphonse might even now be dead, and at all events far beyond reach of his influence or search, still, what he had already heard and seen of Mustapha Effendi convinced him that he was fully able to carry out what he proposed. The steward little thought that the young artist, Carlo Metassio, and that long lost boy who had been entrusted to his care, were one and the same person; little thought that he was daily in the habit of passing and politely greeting the boy whom he had so seriously defrauded.

With a few words of instruction from the magician, Bartolo departed to meet Count Colonna and exhibit to him his lost account book; but first promising to come at once to Mustapha Effendi when he should send for him, and to bring the all-important papers with him relating to the secret which the steward had so long kept locked up in his own breast. In many respects a changed man, Bartolo thus turned towards the palace.

When Mustapha Effendi found himself once more alone, he buried his face in his hands, and seemed lost in inward thought. At last taking a small package of papers from his bosom, he laid them on the table and perused them attentively. "It is yet quite dark and inscrutable to me, and yet I fancy that at times I have a dim glimmering of the truth in the distance. At all events, the grand object is attained, and the perplexing, the most perplexing part of the business is solved. The possession of the remainder of the papers will unravel the rest, and this Bartolo can now be trusted. I read that in his expressive face. What a strange story is all this. There are parts so hidden in mystery to me, that they completely involve the rest in darkness, though not in doubt; no, no, I doubt not; it were worse than heathenish to doubt any longer. I feel the truth."

At this moment the silver gong sounded, and Hassan appeared, to know if his master would give audience.

"To whom, good Hassan?"

"Pedro Elmini, the fisherman."

"No, Hassan; I have other matters on hand; I cannot admit him."

The boy retired and gave his master's answer; but the fisherman was most persevering and anxious to see the magician, if but for a moment. "Words are useless," said the boy. "He never changes his purpose."

A few words of argument soon convinced Pedro that he but wasted time in his endeavor to see Mustapha Effendi after he had declined an audience, and so he reluctantly left the house, first bidding Hassan to make an appointment for him with his master for the following morning, which the attendant promised to remember and to lay before the magician.

As Pedro turned the corner of the street he was met by Gobbo the hunchback, and the two exchanged the usual greetings.

"Whither have you been, in this direction?" asked the hunchback.

"To Mustapha Effendi's; but he could not see me."

"Pedro?"

"Well, Gobbo."

"Beware of that dark man who pretends to read men's souls!"

"Why, surely he has been a friend to us, Gobbo, us of the Numedi."

"Perhaps so, but there is too much of mystery about him for me. We judge of a man by the company he keeps, by those who call him friend."

"That's true."

"Well, now, there is Carlo Metassio, the artist, who has so long pretended to be one of us, and who has either played the traitor or has done that which leaves good grounds for suspicion against him; he is the friend of this Mustapha Effendi; we have both of us heard him say as much. He belongs to the fraternity of the Numedi; and yet, as you yourself know, he passes a large portion of his time within the Colonna palace. Have we eyes, and yet see nothing strange in all this, brother?"

"You speak well, Gobbo, and it was touching this very Carlo Metassio that I had come hither to-day. Our people suspect him of treachery, and it will not be safe for him to appear among them again, I verily believe. They bade me question the magician about him, and as we count Mustapha Effendi our friend, we hoped to be well and justly advised of him who has the entire so strangely to the count's palace and

grounds. This, I say, was the object of this very visit."

"Do you not remember his interference in behalf of the count and his daughter in the street attack upon his carriage?" asked the hunchback.

"Of course."

"It is doubtless by that means he obtained entrance to the palace, and goes there to copy pictures in the count's gallery, for 'tis said to be a brilliant one."

"Ay, but such intercourse will contaminate him for our purpose. He must be either a traitor to them or to us. Do you see, good Gobbo?"

"You state the case fairly," replied the hunchback, musing.

The intelligent reader, who beholds the same person in Carlo Metassio, Alphonse, and the student—he who had performed such feats of personal prowess before the walls of the Colonna palace—will at once understand the probable motive which had induced the lover of Nydia to assume these characters, especially as it regarded his fraternizing with the conspirators. Unable to take any open course in behalf of the palace, and for the protection of her who was dearer to him than life itself, Alphonse had only left him the course which he did so successfully pursue. If he had come before the count and volunteered his knowledge and services, he would have at once betrayed himself and defeated his darling purpose of continued intercourse with his dearly loved child.

Resolved in these troubled times to be always near enough to protect if possible Nydia, under all circumstances, he had adopted the disguises in which we have seen him. The greatest risk and the most delicate part he had played, was that of connecting himself with the conspirators; but he foresaw that so bitter was the feeling of the lazaroni against Nydia's father, that, unless their plans were known and adroitly thwarted, all the power in Naples could not save the palace from pillage and its inhabitants from death or dishonor.

It was not, therefore, at all surprising that Pedro Elmini and his friends, when they saw that the artist had virtually withdrawn from their meetings, and that he was constantly observed to visit the Colonna palace, should have their suspicion aroused concerning him. Believing also in the true friendship of Mustapha Effendi, it was not singular that they should seek of him, whom they considered so wise, and who appeared to know all things, knowledge and advice concerning the young artist, more especially as Carlo Metassio was known to be on terms of intimacy with the magician, whose house, it will be remembered, the police found he had been seen to enter, more than once, and who sought of the magician information concerning him.

Pedro Elmini and the hunchback were still talking together where they had met, and they had turned to separate, when Gobbo said:

"I am going up to take a glass of wine with Bartolo, the steward of the palace, and if I see this Carlo Metassio, I will cross-question him."

"Do, and let us know what he has to say for himself," answered Pedro.

"Trust to my discretion; and, in the mean time, tell our people at the Numedi they need not trouble themselves about the artist."

"Stay, Gobbo, do you know him?"

"I ought to do so," said the hunchback; "why do you ask such a question?"

"True, you know you are yourself scarcely ever at our meetings, and you know those are about the only times that Carlo Metassio joins us."

"Carlo Metassio and I perfectly understand each other," replied Gobbo, as he waved his hand awkwardly to his companion, and limped away towards the Colonna palace.

Pedro Elmini remained for some minutes looking after Gobbo, and musing half aloud, "Strange creature; at times so intelligent, at others so stupid; now so ready and now so absent; one moment gentle as a child, at another more like a lion than a human being. Liberal without any one knowing from whence come the means, afraid of nothing, and knowing much. Well, well; but for that deformity, Gobbo, saving some trifling peculiarities, might be a second Massaniello—would we had one to lead us on to victory."

Thus musing, Pedro, who was himself only wanting in a little cultivation to make a man of him in every sense of the word, hastened on towards the Numedi, where his companions who had sent him on this errand concerning the artist were impatiently awaiting his return and the story of his visit to Mustapha Effendi. He soon joined them; and, though he reported his failure to see the magician, told them that Gobbo had gone to the Colonna palace to take a pipe with Bartolo the steward, and that he had promised, if possible, to see Carlo Metassio, and to question him shrewdly. The conspirators acknowledged that if Gobbo undertook the matter, there was no fear that he could fail in it.

In another chapter we must follow the hunchback on his errand.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE DISCOVERY.

BARTOLO TONTI returned to the count's presence with a much lighter heart than he had borne when he left the palace to seek the magician. There were two reasons for this: first, he had got his book, which would enable him to stand correctly before the count, and put to rest all suspicions as to his dishonesty in that respect; and, moreover, he felt that Mustapha Effendi would be his friend in relieving his mind of the secret guilt which he had so long carried in his breast in relation to the matter already explained. "Strange," thought the steward, "that this man should have had such power over me. I seemed to actually feel his eyes when they rested on me, and I could no more have resisted his purpose than I could have resisted the decrees of fate itself. Truly he is a magician; and yet," he continued, "he is like to prove a good angel, after all to me. What a lightning spirit, eye and hand he has! Why, the blow he gave me would have broken a stone wall, and might have

killed me, had not my body yielded so pliantly before it. He is a magician indeed."

Thus musing to himself, Bartolo sought his master, satisfied the count with regard to the matter of the accounts, frankly acknowledged how and where he had found the missing book, a matter which seemed to fill Count Colonna with much surprise and interest.

"And what did he make you pay, Bartolo, for this information?"

"Nothing, my lord; he bade me keep better company in future."

"Strange!"

"And gave me advice in other matters of a worthy character."

"This man passes all my powers of perception; I cannot read him."

"He is a wonderful man, my lord," said the steward, earnestly.

The steward was soon after in his lodge, and, seated alone, he mused over the discovery of the great secret of his life. Closing the door carefully behind him, he removed a secret panel of the wall, and, lighting a lamp, stepped inside the apartment thus disclosed to view, and immediately disappeared within its dark recess.

One who had looked in after Bartolo, as he descended a few steps to reach the bottom of the secret place, would have seen him holding his lamp carefully to several parchment tags which were attached to leather bags, and formed their labels of contents. After counting them carefully, and regarding them in silence for a few moments, he said, "Well; 'tis a great sum for a man like me to have so long carried upon his soul; a princely fortune, indeed—but I doubt much if that boy to whom it rightfully belongs can be found. There are many chances of his having lost his life by some strange adventure, or have been drowned in the sea; if he had been alive, I warrant me we should have heard of him ere this. Well, I care not who has the gold, so that the glittering stuff be off my hands and conscience. I suppose it will go properly into the count's coffers; well, that will be just. Strange that I should have been willing to suffer so much in order to possess that treasure, and yet I have never used a single mark of the same."

Thus the steward mused over the wealth that lay before him, the dull flicker of the lamp upon his features clothing them in all kinds of strange shadows and aspects. Bartolo did not stop in this cramped-up and damp place but a few moments, and was more speedy in his return because he heard a knock at the door. Having first secured the secret panel, he assumed a cold, unconcerned air, and then opened the door. There stood Gobbo, the hunchback. At first a frown settled over the steward's face, and an angry exclamation rose to his lips; but he seemed to master his feelings, while one of those cunning, sinister expressions crossed his face to which we have before alluded. The hunchback, on his part, was quite as usual; he seemed not to notice the significance of the steward's face, and much as a matter of course walked in and seated himself in the lodge. For a moment the steward looked irresolute, and seemed weighing some matter in his mind touching the hunchback, as he glanced about the apartment, then, suddenly shutting him in, he locked the door and hurried away.

"Treachery, by this light!" exclaimed Gobbo, thrusting his hand into his bosom and drawing forth a pistol, he examined the priming. "No, no, it will not do, the time has not yet come, and discovery, which would be sure to follow, would defeat all my plans. No, no; and as the hunchback said this he replaced the pistol within his bosom, and became self-possessed at once. "Of what can he suspect me?" continued the hunchback, musing. "That peculiar expression of countenance meant something, and his fastening the door and rushing away so abruptly was still more significant. Ten to one he has gone after the police; well, Gobbo does not fear them, certainly, but then one don't like to be exposed, so good Bartolo must be disappointed."

The hunchback was right. Bartolo had ever since his last visit suspected him of foul play. He could not fix upon any one act, but there was an undefined belief that he was playing him foul. He believed that Gobbo had got him intoxicated on purpose to practise some rascality upon him the last time they had met together, and he resolved to have him arrested, at any rate. He had made up his mind to this immediately after that night of debauch; and the moment that Gobbo presented himself before the door, his resolve crossed his mind, and he adopted the means we have described to secure the hunchback, and had now gone, as Gobbo suggested, after the police, in order to arrest him.

Bartolo knew that the hunchback was no common man to deal with; he knew him to be cunning and strong and courageous; and, as he conducted a couple of officers to the palace and the door of his lodge, he bade them look well to themselves, for that the man whom they were to arrest, though deformed, was a very giant in strength, and that, unless they were most careful and watchful, he would escape them even after they should have secured his person. Thus warned, Bartolo and the two officers approached the door and stood ready to enter as the steward should open it.

The door was carefully opened, and the officers first, and then Bartolo, entered, and carefully locked the door behind them. But where was the hunchback? Nowhere to be found. There was an open window some half dozen feet or so from the ground; possibly he might have escaped by that mode of egress; but if he had done so, one thing was certain, he was still in the palace grounds, and doubtless within a few rods of where he must have reached the ground from the window. He could not pass the gates, for they were guarded, and Bartolo had warned the keepers to that effect when he first sought the police. In this state of affairs, the party hastened once more into the yard; but there was no hunchback there. Gobbo was certainly gone, no person even being in sight save Carlo Metassio, the young artist, who was just observed to be entering the palace doors, and who had, as the steward explained to the police, the entire of the grounds,

by order of the count himself. Bartolo was astounded, and the police were not in the very best temper at this false alarm, and plainly intimated as much to the mortified steward.

Let us follow the young artist as he enters the palace, leaving Bartolo to his amazement, and we shall find Nydia already awaiting him in the gallery. Fair creature! how her face glowed with love and beauty as her eyes rested on him she loved! There was no prudishness, no affectation, but, hastening to his side, she placed both her hands within his own, and "looked the love she could not speak." Alphonse gazed upon her with love and pride mingled; he had suffered too much, dared too much, hoped too much for her dear love, not to prize it at its true value now that he enjoyed it. Now he threw an arm about her delicate form, and, drawing her closer to his side, pressed his lips upon her fair, high forehead. Nydia loved him too dearly, confided in him too entirely and tenderly, to chide this affectionate token. He had entirely filled her heart from childhood, and in the eye of heaven she knew that she was as truly his as though the priest had joined them. All this realizing sense of affection and trust spoke from her glorious full eyes as they were, turned upon Alphonse's face. In all that fine and classic collection of paintings there was not one group that would compare with that formed by Nydia and Alphonse. A painter would instinctively have seized his pencil as he gazed upon them, so admirably were they mated in form and feature.

It would weary the reader to detail here the long and tender conversation that passed between Nydia and Alphonse, as they thus met. It was but the repetition of cherished vows, so long held sacred by both. We might give here their words, but we could not express half their tenderness. We might record this answer or that, but could not convey the eloquence of expression and love-fraught looks that accompanied them. The prophetic character of Alphonse's feelings, which had so long foreboded ill, and which had caused such a shadow upon his spirits, seemed for the while to have departed from him, and only sunshine glowed and warmed them then; and yet, though they had no warning sense of danger, it was near to them. There was trouble and danger at their very sides.

All heedless, and if possible giving themselves up to a more than usual degree of abandon and thoughtlessness in their love, Alphonse still held the waist of Nydia, and she sat happy and smiling by his side, when suddenly the gallery door opened, and Count Colonna stood before them! Words could not express his amazement, nor did he attempt for some moments to speak. He knew Alphonse only as Carlo Metassio, the young artist who had served him so essentially when the violence of the mob had threatened his destruction. That an humble, unknown artist should presume to the least degree of intimacy with Nydia, the proud child of his house, the representative of a long line of princely names, was too preposterous for her father to think of for a moment, and he was too much amazed to speak or move for some moments. Smothering his rage as best he might, his first instinct was that of personal violence upon the young artist, who however stood unmoved and calm before the father of her he loved, awaiting whatever should come.

"Viper!" said the count, bitterly, and with stifled rage.

"Call me what you will, Count Colonna, you are her father," was the reply.

"I am confounded by this audacity; I—I—"

Thus hesitating in his rage and amazement, the count rushed from the gallery for his sword. Alphonse knew very well for what the father retired, and so, too, did Nydia, who begged and entreated him to fly from the palace, else there would be blood shed, and then they would indeed be forever separated. It was hard for Alphonse to fly; it was contrary to his nature to do so; and there was the flush of courage and manliness now burning on his cheek. He paused for a few moments, seemingly to weigh all the circumstances of his situation, and then bidding Nydia farewell, resolved to leave the palace and at some more fitting time make himself known to her father. But the alarm has been given, and Bartolo, the steward, has been ordered not to let the artist pass out of the gate, Count Colonna being determined to be revenged upon him for his insolence.

The count rushes back to the gallery with his sword drawn, and his anger only increased in intensity. Poor Nydia sits trembling and abashed just where Alphonse has left her, but the artist is gone. In vain does Count Colonna seek for him, rushing hither and thither; he has forbidden his egress at the gate; he must be somewhere in or about the palace; and still the enraged father seeks for him. Bartolo also seeks for the culprit by his master's orders, but all in vain. Gobbo, the hunchback, taking advantage of the confusion which now reigns about the palace, shows himself and passes the steward unmolested, who is too much engaged in the count's business relative to the artist, to heed his own minor business as it regarded the proposed arrest of the hunchback, and so Gobbo passes the well guarded gate unchallenged, and doubtless thanking his star that this confusion, whatever it was about, should have occurred so opportunely for him.

Completely foiled in not finding the object of his rage, the count gives the strictest orders for a watch to be kept, and that he shall in no way be permitted to escape from the palace grounds, and that the moment he shall be found he be brought before him. But between Nydia and her father there was agony and pain, and grief, and restraint. The poor child would gladly have thrown her arms about her father's neck and confessed all, but she could not do so without betraying Alphonse, and therefore there was but one course for her to pursue—silence. She heard her father's bitter rebuke, she heard his sorrowful reproaches, listened to his words of amazement and pride, but only answered with her tears. The count was still more annoyed by this course; it was plain enough to him that the artist found a willing listener to the story of tenderness which he had so summarily interrupted. Could it be possible that such was to be the last

of his noble house? Were all his proud hopes and fond anticipations to be thus destroyed?

He asked Nydia this, after his reproaches had gradually subsided into sorrow, and his anger had spent its fury, but her sobs alone were his answer. She might have spoken out and told him that the poor artist, Carlo Metassio was none other than the dear playmate and companion of her childhood, Alphonse Tonti. She longed to do so, for it was very bitter to remain thus open to her father's reproaches and not to offer one word of excuse for her seemingly inconsistent conduct. She did not wonder that her father looked upon it in this light, knowing no more than he did know as to who the artist really was; but her lips were sealed; time perhaps would reveal all, and cause her father to acquit her of such apparent folly; but time and not she must do so. It was the first time that parent had ever reproached her, even in the simplest matter, and it was very, very hard for her to suffer his reflections in silence.

Poor Nydia could only hasten to the solitude of her own apartment, and with an aching heart, sob herself to sleep upon a couch. In the meantime the count wandered up and down the broad floor of the picture gallery, weighing this subject in his mind. Surely fate is against me, he thought. Years ago Nydia lost her heart to a child of one of my menials, and now forsooth, she loves this strolling artist. I had thought the girl possessed too much pride thus to lose herself. O, that heaven had blessed our house with a son, so that the name of Colonna should not thus ingloriously have perished. Musing in this manner, he strode with uneasy step back and forth for a long period.

He had bidden Bartolo, if the artist was found, to bring him to his presence in the gallery, and perhaps the hope of his being brought thither had kept the count thus chained, in some measure, to the place. Suddenly, in one of his turns as he walked thus, he paused before a portion of the artist's utensils which Alphonse in his haste had left there. Among other matters was a half unrolled canvass with a portrait upon its surface. The count touched it with his foot and the painting opened upon the floor, by chance in a good light.

Count Colonna started, drew nearer, raised the canvass, placed it in a proper position, hastily turned to some other picture in the gallery, and then seemed puzzled and amazed at what was before him. "It is a copy of yonder painting," said the count, "a copy, and yet so like the original I could not have told them apart. By our lady, this is wonderful, and done doubtless by this miscreant. Fore heaven, but there is not such another artist in Naples. Strange, very strange, and I fancy there is more real likeness in this than in yonder one, done by the best artist Italy has known. Can this adventurer, this ungrateful hind, have done this? It must be so. I saw in his picture of Nydia a talent, delicacy and taste that surprised me, but this—is this wonderful?"

As the count thus spoke he stood lost in thought and contemplation before the noble portrait which was one of the first pictures Alphonse had copied on receiving permission to visit the count's gallery.

As Nydia lay sleeping there upon her couch, with a pearly tear still lingering upon her cheek, like some wayward child that had cried itself to sleep, wearied of a summer's afternoon, her old nurse came in and saw her thus. One of more delicacy of taste, more artistic culture, would have been struck by the poetic beauty of the girl as she was thus unconscious; an artist would have longed to paint her there. But the good old nurse was exercised only by sympathy. She saw that tear drop, and kneeling by her young mistress's side, she tenderly kissed it away, so quietly, so gently, that the sleeper did not even stir at the interruption. Then retiring to an opposite corner, and unloosing the heavy golden cross from her neck, the nurse placed it before her and kneeling there, prayed long and fervently for the peace and happiness of her dear young mistress. Her own mother could not have loved Nydia more tenderly than did this faithful retainer, born in the family service, and ever attached to it.

Scarcely had the nurse closed her prayer, when an under servant entered the room and by a sign bade her to follow her to her lord's room, who wanted her; a summons which the nurse at once obeyed, and soon found herself face to face with the count in his library.

"Nurse?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Where is your mistress?"

"Sleeping in her room."

"Have you seen a young artist who has been much here of late?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Where?"

"I have seen him come in at the palace and go out, and once I saw him in the gallery."

"No where else?"

"No, my lord."

"Do you know of any intimacy between Nydia and him?"

"Intimacy, my lord!" said the nurse, who it will be remembered knew who Alphonse was; and now fearing that she should be led to betray him and Nydia, put on a most indignant air, as if to protect her young mistress's honor.

"Yes, that is to say—or have you seen them much together?" stammered the count, really ashamed of the business he found himself engaged in, and feeling abashed before his own servant.

"My lord, I never acted the spy upon your daughter!"

The nurse's position in the family was of such a nature that in such a cause as she now was advocating, she felt strong, and did not hesitate to take bold ground, while her very resolution, and the peculiar character of the subject, abashed the count.

"Well, well, good nurse, no matter now," he replied, waving her away.

Count Colonna had brought with him from the gallery the picture which had so challenged his surprise and admiration, and he now sat con-



templating it from the position in which he had placed it. "This Carlo Metassio has genius, remarkable, wonderful genius, but genius is not blood, and the serf has dared to lift his eyes to the daughter of my house, to Nydia! Blind that I have been! he painted her portrait, that was so like her that I was astonished, but it was doubtless more true because love guided the pencil. Week after week, nay, month after month, has he been daily with her, until he has won her inexperienced and thoughtless heart. O, would that this cup might have been spared me; but regrets are too late now, and there remains only to remedy, as far as possible, the evil already done. This Carlo Metassio shall die, if he does not escape me by flight; and yet the hand that could trace that picture, is one of true and poetic genius. I might give him up to the police, but that would be to publish my own shame. No, no, I must deal single handed with the fellow. He has wronged me."

At this moment Bartolo appeared to say that might could be found of the artist, all the offices had been examined, and the grounds within the entire circuit of the palace walls had been carefully and separately searched.

"This is very strange, Bartolo."

"My lord, we are all amazed."

"No more of this business now, Bartolo," he continued, after a moment's pause.

"Shall I not report your desire to the police?"

"No. I do not wish them to take cognizance of it."

Thus saying, the count turned away from his servant, and as the steward left the apartment, he observed his master still gazing intently upon the picture which he had brought from the gallery, as though he expected the lips would move and the portrait would address him orally from the canvass.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SEALED PACKET.

THE steward of Count Colonna fully realized that he was now completely in the power of the magician, Mustapha Effendi, but yet felt amazed that he had been led thus to betray himself. At least he could not understand why he should have done so, scarcely realizing how many leading facts the magician was already possessed of when he began to question him. But with him the Rubicon was passed: there was no revoking what he had done, even had he desired to do so; but this did not appear to be the case, for, on the subsequent day to that of his visit, and the events related in the last chapter, he promptly responded to the summons from the attendant of Mustapha Effendi, and repaired to his house at once with the packet of papers as he had before agreed to do.

Bartolo found the magician awaiting him, and at once prepared to receive the documents, and his full confession.

"If you speak truly and straightforward, a thousand marks shall be your reward," said the magician.

The steward bowed, for though he had not proposed to sell this information, still he had no objections to be paid for being honest, and straight forwardly indeed he told his story. This, Mustapha Effendi saw was necessary before he attempted to consult the papers. Preferring to condense Bartolo's story to giving it in his more detailed and desultory style, we shall tell its purport to the reader without the numerous interrogations which the magician from time to time addressed to the steward, as he proceeded. It is the key with which to unlock the plot of our story, and the reader will persevere no less attentively than did the magician listen to its recital.

Some twenty-five years before the period at which our story has now arrived, Bartolo Tonti was valet to Alvaro Colonna, the brother of Count Alban Colonna, and whose romantic story the reader will remember was related to Nydia by her father, at the time of their return from Pompeii. Bartolo had been the body servant of Alvaro for years, but when his master gave up his connection with the church, because of his love for the fair creature whom his medical skill had rescued from the grave, and went abroad to distant lands, Bartolo was left behind, and by Alvaro's request was at once received into the service of his brother Alban, and appointed, as we have seen, his steward.

Bartolo knew nothing of the cause that carried his master abroad, or what had induced him to leave the sacred office which he had chosen—he made no confidant of his servant. Some few years rolled on, and Bartolo heard nothing of his old master, until one night he was awakened by his wife, who bade him hasten to the door of the lodge, where some one was knocking. This he at once did, and there entered the person of a man, with a child in his arms.

This person, throwing off the partial disguise which he wore, discovered to the amazed Bartolo, his old master, Count Colonna's brother Alvaro. He speedily explained matters to the steward, told him that the child must be adopted by himself and wife as their own, and placed them both under fearful oaths not to reveal the truth to any one until the death of the Bishop of Naples, at whose decease a package was to be opened (the one in the possession of the magician), which would contain full directions as to what should be further done for the child.

In the mean time, Alvaro Colonna prescribed the utmost secrecy as to his having appeared in the vicinity at all, as he had not yet made his arrival known to his brother, for reasons of his own. A handsome purse was given to Bartolo to defray all needed expenses for the boy, and he was minutely instructed as to the course he was to pursue in various contingencies. Securities and precious stones were also entrusted to the steward, (as he had before confessed), and which the packet, that was not to be opened until the bishop's death, would direct and control to its proper purpose. All this being fully and carefully arranged, and the child recommended to the utmost gentleness and care of the steward's wife, Alvaro Colonna appeared on the follow-

ing day at his brother's table, after years of travel abroad.

A few weeks passed, during which Alvaro visited the lodge, renewed his directions in the most careful manner, caressed the child, and left fresh instalments of money for its convenience. But Alvaro Colonna was ill, and this he was himself well aware of; he told his old servant that he might at any moment be taken from life, and bade him be faithful and true to his charge. Scarcely a month had passed after his return to his home, when suddenly, Alvaro Colonna was one day taken ill, and almost instantly breathed his last. It was very plain even to Bartolo, that the count's brother would have made different and more proper arrangements concerning the boy, but for his sudden decease. How Bartolo's wife and own child died, the reader already knows, and that, feeling himself the sole possessor of this secret, and realizing the large sum of money that was entrusted to him, he was tempted, and became dishonest.

"You have told me all?" asked the magician, as Bartolo closed his story.

"All."

"And this packet is the only remaining paper you possess concerning the matter?"

"It is all save the paper you already have."

"Very well; now Bartolo, mine shall be the task to set this business right, and to carry out the object of the noble Alvaro Colonna, as expressed in this packet."

Bartolo expressed a regret that the boy could not now be found, and when assured by Mustapha Effendi that he was alive, and even known to him, the steward's joy partook of such an honesty of expression, that there was no mistaking its true character, and any one who then observed him, could not have helped giving the man credit for a good heart after all. It was very evident that the magician noticed this, and he dismissed the steward kindly.

No sooner, however, had Bartolo withdrawn, than the magician, rising from his divan, hurriedly walked the room, at times quite agitated, now pausing, taking up the packet which the steward had brought, reading its superscription over and over again, then laying it aside again, resumed his troubled walk. Hassan marked his master's mood, but disturbed him not, leaving Mustapha Effendi quite by himself and uninterrupted. It was strange what should so move the magician; why did he not open that packet in which he plainly evinced so much interest? Was he, too, engaged in some secret purpose of crime which he hesitated to consummate? Was he about to injure some other party so seriously, as to cause his guilty intentions thus to move him before the act? The sequel of our story must show what were his motives.

At last, sitting beside his table, the magician broke the waxen seal which bore the stamp upon it of the Colonna arms, and was soon lost in perusing the contents of the long secreted document. The steward was honest now, for every line went to corroborate the story which he had told. Amazement sat on the brow of the magician as he devoured the contents of the packet with eager eyes; not a line, not a word, not a letter of the precious manuscript escaped him. It was indeed the story in brief of Alvaro Colonna's life.

The reader will remember as it regarded the issue of Alvaro's love for the beautiful girl whom he had saved, that Nydia's father told her that they parted in Italy, and both sought in distant lands to forget their unhappy attachment—but Nydia's father knew not that by a singular coincidence, these lovers had met once more abroad; a fearful casualty had robbed her whom Alvaro loved, of both her parents. Heaven seemed to have thrown them thus opportunely together for the consummation of their mutual wish. They were married, lived happily together for a few years, and were blessed with a son, but the mother, whose health had been seriously impaired, soon faded and died.

The father had been a devout Catholic; he was now a renegade priest, and under the ban of the church, whose bishop in his native city had vowed if he became married and had issue, that child he would curse, and decree all the evils of life to fall upon its devoted head. Alvaro dreaded this anathema; he was superstitious, and believed that such a curse had power to entail misery and pain upon his offspring forever. He therefore feared to return to Italy with his child, lest this threat should be carried into execution; but at last, having adopted a plan whereby to conceal his child from the bishop's vengeance, he carried it out, as we have seen, by causing Bartolo to adopt and take charge of it. Knowing from the return of his disease, that he might at any moment be taken from life, he arranged as fully as possible against such a contingency.

That he had peculiar reasons for not disclosing these matters to his brother was very apparent, but what they were did not appear in the papers now before the magician. The bishop long since dead, and the purport of the packet being clearly understood, it now only remained for Mustapha Effendi to make such disposal of the property which it willed to Alvaro's son and heir, Alphonso Tonti, for such was our hero, cousin to the lovely Nydia.

The secret of the noble bearing and princely beauty of the boy who passed as the steward's son, was now explained; at least the reader will understand it. That portrait to which the young artist was by some secret and irresistible influence so strongly attracted, and which his pencil had copied with such magic power, was the portrait of his father, Alvaro Colonna. Instinct had guided the hand and eye that painted it. And was the long lost, disowned, unknown boy at last to be elevated to a noble rank and position? It seemed so; it was now in the magician's power to accomplish this. Would he be faithful to the young artist who had so long been ignorant of his true birth, or was there a sinister motive lurking under that peculiar expression of countenance which played over the dark features of the magician? Had he deceived the steward, and was he about to deceive Alphonso now, when honor and position were so nearly within his grasp? Such was hardly in

accordance with the character which Mustapha Effendi bore. Hassan quietly watched his master's expressive face, but said nothing. The boy was a pattern of patience and devotedness, and evidently loved the magician.

Let us turn with the reader to the wine-shop on the Numedi; it is evening, or rather twilight, and much the same group are gathered about the door of the house as we have often seen collected there. Though thwarted in all their efforts against the Count Colonna, they still covet his life, and were now discussing in what manner they can be avenged on a house that has caused the common people of Naples so much of misery. Pedro Elmini is eloquent in his denunciations, and the angry fishermen listen eagerly to his words,—others join the conversation, and the party becomes heated, and much excited.

There sits Gobbo, the hunchback, quietly smoking and sipping his small bottle of wine. No one from his manner would have thought him at all interested in what was passing; he ostensibly was quite lost in the contemplation of the smoke from his pipe, and yet a keen observer would have detected the same restless activity of the eyes which we have before referred to, the same keenness hidden beneath that assumed indifference. The fact was, the hunchback was watching and listening both, and not a word nor gesture escaped him, among that miscellaneous assemblage.

"Let us consult Gobbo," said Pedro Elmini, after a hot discussion with his companions; "he's asleep now, but will wake up readily."

"Hulloa, Gobbo," said one of the throng, "come, move thy wine and pipe hither."

"What now, brother?" said the hunchback, apparently arousing himself.

"We have a dispute here; come and decide the matter for us."

"I know nothing of the matter," said Gobbo, indifferently.

"Nay, but the parties have appealed, and left the case to you."

Thus appealed to and urged, Gobbo drew himself nearer the group, and after listening to the cause of dispute, said:

"You know very well that I have always counselled against this insane idea that the Count Colonna was to be made to atone for all the ills that we commoners are made to suffer. True, he is one of the officers of the government, but he does not constitute the entire government. He doubtless acts in accordance with his convictions. You have already paid but too dearly for the indiscretion that has guided you in the matter. Why not learn by experience, and recollect that if the Count Colonna be removed, you still have the same troubles and annoyances to contend with as before?"

The group of disputants looked at each other, as much as to say, "the hunchback speaks truly, and reasonably."

"Be assured," continued Gobbo, "that to effect the reform you desire, it is not requisite that you attack or molest any one individual, but rather seek by gaining intelligence, and reasoning against an objectionable principle or law, to effect its reform. Brute force will be met by brute force, but let our rulers see that they have reasonable men to contend with, and they will treat us as reasonable beings. This is my counsel, brethren. I would as soon set a torch to my own dwelling, as again attack the Colonna palace."

The hunchback spoke well and wisely, and the crowd who had gathered about him listened with respect and confidence; and if for no longer period, he at least defeated the proposal then under consideration of an immediate effort to take the life of the Count Colonna by some means. The assassin's steel was the favorite mode that had been discussed, though there were some even mad enough to coolly propose another open attack upon the palace walls.

It was very plain that the Numedi had come to be altogether too notorious a place of resort for the discontented and dangerous portion of the lazzaroni, and for this reason the police had lately been instructed to keep a sharp lookout over those who resorted hither, and at the present moment, while Gobbo was addressing his companions, after being appealed to as we have seen, the police were hard by, and were watching the group suspiciously. As the hunchback ceased speaking, a lad dressed in a fisher's dress came quietly to his side and whispered something into his ear that changed the whole aspect of Gobbo's face, and caused a quick movement, as if to prepare for some object that involved a change of position. The lad who had spoken to him disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared, and was the same boy who had once before on a similar occasion warned the hunchback of the approach of the officers of the police. He was a prompt, quick lad, and but for his fisherman's dress, might have been mistaken for Hassan, the faithful attendant of Mustapha Effendi, the magician.

Gobbo now kept his eyes fixed upon a certain quarter, from whence he evidently expected the police, and remembering, no doubt, that they had so lately attempted to arrest him at Bartolo Tonti's lodge at the Colonna palace, he presumed if they were disposed to make any prisoners, and this must of course be their object, he would be one of the first to be taken. But a few moments transpired after the boy's warning, before the hunchback, seeing a party of the police approaching, quietly slipped away and entered the house of the Widow Lenti, hard by.

He was instantly pursued, however, but having fastened the door after him, there occurred some delay before an entrance could be effected. When this was done, every nook and corner was carefully searched, the house from top to bottom was thoroughly ransacked, the widow was questioned and cross-questioned, again and again, but no Gobbo was to be found. How it was, no one could say, but that the hunchback had escaped them was certain.

Enraged beyond measure at the escape of their intended victim, the police threatened the Widow Lenti with an immediate arrest unless she at once discovered to them the hiding-place of the hunchback; but she, poor frightened, innocent

creature, knew no better than they where Gobbo had secreted himself, and told them so, but they believed her not, and proceeded to take possession of her goods, preparatory to conducting the widow herself to a place of confinement. These were, however, but under officers of the police, and they had not proceeded to any extreme measure, before an order came from their chief at head quarters that they should in no way disturb the Widow Lenti. Amazed at this, first at the promptness with which the information of their doings had reached the chief, and then that he should have taken any trouble at all to protect this woman, the officers obeyed the order.

"Who is this Widow Lenti, that our chief should care for her?" asked one.

"I know not, but one thing I would like, and that is to get hold of this Gobbo, as he is called. He's a dangerous fellow, and they tell some strange stories about him. I believe this woman could give him up, now."

"It cannot be helped, we must obey orders," answered the other.

In their pursuit of the hunchback, the police had permitted the other suspicious persons of the group with whom he had been engaged to escape them entirely; and now, when they again appeared on the Numedi, they found it quite deserted, and their descent upon the place a failure, and making the best of their way back to their station house, the officers continued to discuss the oddity of their chief's protecting the Widow Lenti.

The progress of our story will explain this matter to the reader, to whom it may at this stage also seem singular that the chief should have interfered so promptly in behalf of one of the lazzaroni.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE END.

ON the day following that of the occurrences detailed in the last chapter, there appeared before the palace of Count Colonna, the person of one, who, although a stranger to the steward and his people, yet, from the high degree of respectability of his appearance, and the courteous inquiry which he made for their master, was at once conducted to the audience hall. The new comer wore the plain but rich costume of an Italian gentleman, and though his features were those of one who could not have seen more than twenty-five or six years, yet there was a calm, well-bred dignity and ease about him which showed a large experience of the world and much travel. His person was finely developed, his features remarkably regular and handsome, and his hair, long and black as the night, hung gracefully and abundantly about his neck. He wore no beard, not even a moustache, and altogether bore about him those unmistakable signs which give assurance of the gentleman.

We say he was a stranger to those he had passed in gaining admission to the palace, but the reader would have recognized (though the moustache had been shaven away, and the entire costume so decidedly changed), in the new comer, Alphonso! He was now in his true character, though entirely unrecognized by the steward, and his people, whom he so often passed of late in the costume and character of the artist, Carlo Metassio.

He quietly awaited the count's arrival, and seemed not in the least disconcerted at the peculiar nature of his situation. Near by the spot where he was sitting, the count had hung the copy of the picture he had made while acting the part of the young artist, and Alphonso now sat gazing upon it with peculiar emotion. For the first time he knew whom it represented, and having been put in possession of the information contained in the packet delivered by Bartolo to Mustapha Effendi, there was no longer any secret in the business. That portrait was the representation of his father, the noble Alvaro Colonna. How his breast heaved and his spirits swelled within him, as he gazed and gazed, as if lost in thought, on the picture.

"Is it possible," said Count Colonna, approaching him with undisguised pleasure, "that I indeed once more behold the son of my steward?"

"Alphonso, whom you kindly befriended in his boyhood," he answered.

"You are changed though, so much that I should not have known you," continued the count, "and yet your voice sounds familiar and some lines of your face still live in my memory."

"Years of change and some hardship have altered me doubtless in person, but not in heart. I felt it my duty and pleasure to seek you and thank one who had been to me a father and a friend."

"Name it not," said the count. "Have you been in the east?"

"A large portion of the time, yes, but my fortune has been varied, though I have no reason to complain, and I now return to Naples possessed of a fortune far beyond any necessity I can ever realize."

"This is good news certainly—your good fortune delights me."

The conversation took the most natural channel, while Count Colonna in no way thought that he had seen Alphonso until the present moment, since the day when he embarked in the bay of Constantinople. At the outset Count Colonna was certainly pleased to see his old protégé, nor did the positive cause of his dismissal from his protection interfere between them in rendering this interview in the least restrained or cold. Nydia was freely asked after, and the count himself proposed to present her to his guest.

This was a delicate point, but the moment that Nydia received the message from her father summoning her to meet Alphonso, her quick perception at once solved the riddle, and a single glance from Alphonso as she entered, confirmed her judgment, and she met him, of course, in a way not to excite her father's suspicion in relation to the truth. The personal appearance of Alphonso was so noble and distinguished that the count looked upon him with great interest, and reasoned within himself, "the promises of his boyhood are fully consummated, and he is

as handsome and noble in appearance now as he was in childhood."

On Nydia's part she saw Alphonso now for the first time, really and truly undisguised; for the first time as she had so long wished to see him, just as the days of childhood had promised that he should look as time progressed. She loved him, as then, with surpassing tenderness, and as she gazed upon his noble face and form at this moment, a tear dimmed the brightness of her eyes, but it was a tear of tender, heart-felt joy and affection. The count had occasion to withdraw, and thus for a few moments they were once more again left together, and Alphonso pressed her silently and quickly to his heart. The words that passed between them were necessarily brief, but they were each one from the heart, and truthful reflections of their souls. Count Colonna soon returned and found Alphonso intently regarding the portrait.

"You seem to appreciate that painting," he remarked.

"It seems to me to be one of much truthfulness," responded Alphonso.

"It is indeed, and done by a careless, unknown pencil too."

"Ah."

"Yes, a youth who served me in an emergency, and then abused my confidence."

"My lord, had you a brother?"

"I had."

"And this portrait, I should say, was of him."

"You are singularly correct."

"He died suddenly, I believe."

"He did. But you seem to be acquainted with his history."

"In part, perhaps."

"And how is this possible?"

"You have heard of Mustapha Effendi, the magician, my lord?"

"I have, a truly remarkable man."

"He is my friend; we met in the east, I learned some of what of him concerning your family history which it nearly concerns you also to know, inasmuch as I have reason to believe that it is wholly unknown to you now."

"Indeed."

"It is so, my lord?"

"Strange that this magician should be crossing my path again," said Count Colonna, rather to himself than aloud. "Are my fortunes in any strange way connected with his, or why does the mention of his name so affect me?"

"You have already met with Mustapha Effendi?"

"I have," answered the count.

"Let us seek him together, my lord, and this information shall be made clear."

"It is doubtless best to do so, and yet I like not to visit the man, since the artist of whom I just spoke was recommended to me by him, and through his means obtained the entrée to my gallery."

"Perhaps even that matter can be satisfactorily explained, my lord."

"As you please, Alphonso, for you have spoken upon a theme in which I am deeply interested. I will go to the magician with you or meet you there. Say on the morrow, and you may mention to him my intention."

"Very good, my lord, it shall be as you propose," was the reply. "I would also suggest that your daughter should accompany you, my lord."

"Why so?"

"I can foresee, knowing that which I do know, that it will be well."

"I know not how it is, Alphonso, but your voice and words certainly sound prophetic in my ears, and I bear all confidence in you."

"I trust, Count Colonna, to show you good reason that you may trust me, and would not, most certainly, advise aught against your honor or interest."

"I believe it, I believe it," said the count, extending his hand, and then turning he walked the apartment thoughtfully.

The count seemed at once by some intuitive sense to feel that there was a matter of vast importance hidden in this business, something which nearly concerned himself and the honor of his house. He did not ask Alphonso a single question in relation to the nature of his knowledge, but at once made up his mind to visit the magician on the following day and there to ask for this intelligence, be it what it might, openly and fearlessly. With Alphonso he parted most kindly now, and the latter, after an appropriate leave-taking, turned his steps towards Bartolo's lodge to seek him whom he had for so many long years been taught to regard as his father.

Though Alphonso gave Bartolo every opportunity to recognize him, yet the steward could not recall him, nor did he realize who he was until Alphonso told him plainly of his identity, and extended his hand for the steward to grasp.

But the guilty man drew back trembling and abashed. And when Alphonso still spoke kindly to him and told him that he knew all, the steward fairly knelt at his feet, and besought him to forgive the sin he had committed. This prayer of the repentant man was at once granted by him whom he had so seriously injured, the course of whose entire life, indeed, had been so changed by the secrecy of Bartolo touching the papers entrusted to his care. Alphonso directed the steward to meet him on the following day at Mustapha Effendi's, and assured Bartolo that he had done well in revealing and trusting to the magician as he had done, he being Alphonso's friend and counsellor.

"Ah," said the steward, "I cannot do too much, nor love you too faithfully; this load of crime has been hard for me to bear, and has seemed at times to lead me to a readiness to commit others, but now, once clear from this, I will devote the rest of my life to serve a family I have so deeply injured."

Alphonso enjoined secrecy upon him for the present, and at the earnest solicitation of the steward he examined with him the treasure in the secret apartment already referred to.

The following day was destined for the denouement of our varying story of Alphonso's history, and the reader must repair with us to the hall of magic at Mustapha Effendi's house. Here everything was as we have before found it,



and the ever courteous Hassan ushers in Count Colonna and his daughter once more to that peculiar and striking apartment. The dark broad-eyed owl flaps its wings as though to salute them, and the unrelenting chant of the singular musical organ falls solemnly on their ears. They approach the seat designated for them by Hassan and sit down opposite the magician, who is apparently absorbed in thought, sitting, as usual, upon his divan, with his face for the moment buried in his hand. The same soft and captivating perfume was inhaled from the burning vase. Soon the magician raised his eyes and, with an inclination of welcome, said:

"I know very well the errand which brings the Count Colonna to my abode; we need no mystifying between us, and therefore I shall speak out and plainly at once. You have been promised the relation of a story touching your brother, the noble Alvaro Colonna. Your knowledge of him and his interests ends where mine begins. From the time he left Naples on that distant pilgrimage you lost all knowledge of him, for a period of years, during which he was absent. You only heard from him so far as to transmit on one occasion to him the proceeds of his own property."

"You speak correctly," said the count, listening with avidity.

"At last he came home to die, and dropped away very suddenly."

"He did."

"Now, Count Colonna, you knew not, of course, that he had married abroad."

"It is impossible."

"Nay, but he did marry, as I will presently prove to you."

"Can you do this?"

"Ay, and more. There was issue from the marriage," continued the magician.

"You amaze me."

"And that issue is as well known to you as to me."

"Speak quickly, for this surprise unnerves me," said the count.

"Your steward had a boy, who was called his son, with him for years."

"Yes—"

"Alphonse Tonti, he was called."

"Yes," almost whispered the count, in his eagerness.

"That boy was your brother's son!" said the magician, impressively.

"Great heaven, how strange!" groaned the count, without perceiving that Nydia was trembling by his side like an aspen leaf.

"That son has already been beneath your roof within these twenty-four hours, and is no longer Alphonse Tonti, but Alphonse Colonna."

"The proof, the proof!" said the count, eagerly.

"It is here. Read this packet, commencing as it is pagged."

Count Colonna eagerly gazed at the paper, and hurriedly perused its contents, stopping now and then partly to reassure his trembling child, and partly to calm the beating of his own heart, while Mustapha Effendi seemed cold and unmoved by the scene. The count might have been engaged upon the paper for some ten minutes, when he turned to Nydia, and said:

"This is indeed the sequel of Alvaro's life, of whose early history I told you."

"You are satisfied?" asked the magician.

"I am."

"May I ask what justice will be done the young man?"

"Since you have been the friend of both, you may. His title shall be declared, for he is the rightful heir of our house and name."

Nydia threw her arms about her father's neck and wept for joy!

"But stay," said Count Colonna. "Alphonse was to meet us here at this time; he promised to do so—let me hasten to embrace him."

"Then behold him here!" said Mustapha Effendi, quickly losing his robes and casting them, with his heavy beard, from his person, and with one dash of a preparation at hand, obliterating from his features the deep bronze of his artificial hue!

Nydia did not faint, indeed, though for some minutes dumb with amazement. She was even more self-possessed than the count, and unhesitatingly turned from her father and threw her arms about the neck of her cousin!

As soon as the count could recover himself, he cordially received the kind greeting which Nydia had given him, and turned again and again, first to one and then to the other, to reassure himself that this strange discovery was not all a dream.

Words could not explain the amazement, the hundred questions and answers, the renewed greetings, the assurance again and again that all was true, the reference to the paper, and the evidence, just as these things occurred and recurred at that peculiar meeting.

"But stay," said Alphonse, "you know me not wholly yet," and he retired for a moment behind one of the many hanging curtains of the apartment, from whence there soon emerged, in his limping halting gait, *Gobbo the hunchback!*

"Will amazements never cease?" asked Count Colonna. "I have frequently heard of Gobbo the hunchback, and you are he?"

"Yes," answered Alphonse, "and still another character that will not perhaps so well please you." As he spoke he disengaged the exterior dress he wore and removed the awkward hump as though he was used to the same, and to Count Colonna's still increased astonishment, there stood *Carlo Metassio!*

"Is this the last, or will you next turn into some animal, for our astonishment?" said the count, half seriously and half in jest.

Nydia, scarcely less amazed than her father, hung proudly upon Alphonse's arm, and both her father and herself seemed never tired of asking questions, and listening to his answers. By what means he had obtained such an appearance of great height as the magician, and examining the machinery of his standing place, the vase of incense, and indeed everything, surveying each and everything in that singular place. Nydia even listened to Hassan's story of the manner in which Alphonse had saved him in the Grecian Archipelago when he was wrecked, and made

the lad explain how he had been in the habit of serving his master in a fisher-boy's dress while he personified the hunchback. How for months the chief of police had been his confidant, and the recipient of a handsome sum for serving his interests when they in no way jarred with his official duty.

Of course from that moment, his object accomplished, Alphonse told them that he should appear in his true character, and so he did, and when the steward came by appointment, he was met and dismissed without being retained at all by Alphonse, as the count had required no other evidence than the paper Alphonse's explanation afforded. The whole was too palpable, too clear, to require further demonstration, and from that hour our hero was Alphonse Colonna.

It is hardly necessary for us to go on to relate the wonder that took possession of half of Naples at the sudden disappearance of the magician and his faithful attendant, nor the consternation that filled the people of the Numedi, at the loss of the hunchback, of whom nothing could be learned, though the Widow Lenti had good reason to remember him, from the heavy purse of gold that the hunchback left for her use. The studio of Carlo Metassio was also deserted, and there were queer stories current concerning these three persons, but nothing definite ever transpired.

In the meantime Alphonse explained to the count and Nydia why he had assumed these disguises, partly to protect them, and to keep himself informed of the intentions of the conspirators in relation to the Colonna family, and partly that he might from time to time be able to see Nydia. How he had by chance discovered the secret papers held by Bartolo, and indeed he showed them that the course he had pursued was in reality the only one that could have served the various purposes which actuated him.

Joy, such as the Colonna palace had not known for many a long year, now reigned within the walls. Alphonse, immediately received into favor, exercised a liberal influence in behalf of the lazzaroni, who on their part were very glad to meet their rulers half way, and a period of quietude and peaceful relations between all classes ensued for many years from the time that Alphonse was heard in the councils of his native country.

But how shall we tell the closing portion of the story of Nydia and Alphonse's love? How depict the peaceful hours of joyful happiness, how describe the generous spirit and free acquiescence of the father? The fondness of the true-hearted old nurse, and a thousand other blissful pleasures that crowned the tender love of these two? We will not interrupt the reader's fancy in the subsequent picture it may draw, save by saying that Alphonse and Nydia stood before the altar, ere a twelvemonth had passed away, and were blessed!

#### SONG OF ZADY.

BY S. E. RADDOW.

The bulbul's asleep in the grove,  
While the nightingale sings in the bower;  
And musing her sweet lay of love,  
The solemn owl hoots in the tower.  
Then, Selim, come home to my arms—  
Love calls thee, though wisdom may scoff;  
Come home, if thy Zady have charms—  
Love chides what ill fate keeps thee off.

The bulbul dreams now of her mate,  
What the nightingale sings in her song;  
She sings of love's pleasures, though fate  
Predestine those pleasures not long.  
Then, Selim, come home to my arms—  
Love calls thee, though wisdom may scoff;  
Come home, if thy Zady have charms—  
Love chides what ill fate keeps thee off.

Though others may revel in bliss,  
While thou from thy bowers dost rove,  
Every charm, every sweet, do I miss,  
When absent from him that I love.  
Then, Selim, come home to my arms—  
Love calls thee, though wisdom may scoff;  
Come home, if thy Zady have charms—  
Love chides what ill fate keeps thee off.

#### TYRANTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

For his wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is a master of property, happiness, life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin, or to torture. He may kill a wife, gradually, and be no more questioned than the Grand Seigneur who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves of his children, or friends and freemen, or drive them to revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have often heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspapers, and railing at the French king and the emperor, and wondering how these (who are monarchs, too, in their own way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute! When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amaranth, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.—*Thackeray.*

#### A GOOD EXCUSE.

There is a society in existence which, like most other associations of the kind, has a standing rule that all members who come late or absent themselves, shall be fined a certain sum, unless they are able to give sufficient excuse for their tardiness or absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours, and the chairman asked him his excuse for being late.

"Really, sir," said he, "I was not able to get here before. Domestic troubles—perplexities of mind—I cannot say which will die first, my wife or my daughter!"

"Ah!" said the chairman, expressing much commiseration for the father and husband, "I was not aware of that! Remit the fine, Mr. Secretary; the excuse is a good one."

The member consequently took his seat. The next morning another member met him, and, with much feeling, asked him how his wife and daughter were.

"In excellent health," replied he.

"How? I thought you said last night that you did not know which one would die first."

"I did; and am still in a quandary. Time, however, will decide the question."

The soul is strong that trusts in goodness.—*Mason.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### STANZAS.

BY E. W. HAZLETT.

When night brings us the stillly hour,  
To leave our cares, and sleep,  
I turn me from the busy world,—  
But not to rest—to weep!  
For one I dearly loved to call  
My brother, and my friend,  
Has laid him down to sleep, where low  
The weeping willows bend.

And where he sleeps, the heavy sod  
I've laid above his breast,  
And wet it with my scalding tears,  
And prayed with him to rest.  
I've planted o'er his grave fair flowers,  
That speak of him, the lost,  
Who faded, as a verdant leaf  
Fades "neath an autumn frost.

Alas! that I was left to mourn  
For him, the early dead;  
Why did not death spare that fair one,  
And call for me instead?  
I would have died in willingness,  
To save my youthful friend—  
But God knew best, and why should I  
Murmur at what He sends?

I should not murmur or repine,  
Yet 'tis not wrong to weep;  
But when I die, O God, I wish  
Beside my friend to sleep.  
And more than this, I wish to rise  
With him to worlds on high,  
And spend an everlasting life  
With Thee, beyond the sky!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

No. I.

BY MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.

In the north Atlantic, off the coast of Africa, lies this delightful island, with a surface of some three hundred square miles, peopled with a hundred thousand inhabitants. Though a wanderer from childhood, I have never chanced to visit a spot more peculiarly picturesque and delightful in its natural characteristics. A mere speck on the broad bosom of this northern ocean, it is yet famous the world over, both as the resort of the invalid who would woo the goddess of health, and also as the producer, on its precipitous and vine-clad hills, of a wine that has become a favorite from St. Petersburg to the tropical regions of the extreme south. It was a chance voyage that brought us hither, but I rejoiced over my fortune as I gazed from the deck of our English brigantine upon Funchal, its capital, stretching nearly a mile along the margin of the shore facing the southeast.

Those who trust to the sea have a treacherous element to contend with, and such was our experience; for scarcely had our craft, which had brought us so safely and quickly from Liverpool, cast her anchor, and we of the cabin had time to take a fair survey of the city, before we heard the boatswain's whistle, and the sharp, quick order, "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" Quite enough versed in the quarter-deck language of our ship to understand that this betokened anything but affording us an opportunity to land, I watched with some degree of amazement sail after sail unfolded and sheeted home, and the jib and mainsail set. But the captain can do no wrong at sea; at least, all on board are bound to believe so; and I therefore patiently awaited an explanation of these movements.

Now the harbor of Funchal is no harbor at all, being only an open roadstead; and as soon as our captain saw the wind coming in ominous puffs from the south, he knew his only safety in avoiding a "lee shore" was to make an offing at once. Several vessels lying just inside of us, nearer to the town, less prepared for a start than ourselves, were obliged to slip their cables and go to sea with their land tackle left behind. We had a worse bit of experience in the two days following, than in all the previous voyage, and did not again make our old anchorage before the expiration of three days. Such are the conveniences of the port of Madeira, and yet the island has no inconsiderable commerce.

We came in shore again by the light of a clear, full moon, which lasted until the sun rose to dispute the right of its power. I think a finer morning never broke over the sea than this. We had stood off and on until broad day enabled us to run in and drop our anchor again before the town. There lay the island once more before us, a huge mass of basaltic rock, its striking outline presenting numerous disjointed crags and tall, isolated peaks, interspersed here and there with bright green patches of verdure and terraces of vineyards. Just before us, crouched on the terraced rising grounds, lay the pretty little town that formed the commercial mart of this little dependency of Portugal. I once looked thus upon Algiers, but it was years ago, when I was a mere child; and the two places are not unlike in situation.

Let me tell my fair readers, it is no joke for a lady to effect a landing at Funchal. There are no nice piers, like those of New York and Liverpool, alongside which the vessel may lie, and from the gangway of which one can pass to the shore. No, no; far different is the experience of those who land at this island. The surf-boats are the only resource the voyager has, and are the universal resort by which to land on the beach, where the surf runs so high as to make landing a difficult task. The boats are constructed accordingly, and when the boatmen are conveniently near the beach they jump into the water up to their arms, and, seizing the boat by the thwarts on either side, rush through the sea up the sandy beach high and dry. Of course vessels are laden and unladen by lighters, with the same trouble.

Funchal is as neat and clean as a parlor; the streets have neither dust nor dirt in them; and though wanting that great European and American luxury, sidewalks, are still very convenient and pleasant. One reason of this probably arises from the fact that there are no vehicles of any kind used here, and the streets are not therefore

torn and jarred by rough wheels, as in most cities of Christendom. The only mode of conveying such articles as are too heavy for the backs of men or donkeys, is to place them on a flat drag, made of plain timber, which is drawn by a couple of diminutive oxen, while a boy accompanies the driver with a dipper and water, which he now and then throws on the pavements before the drag, that it may the more easily slip over them, and to prevent heat by friction. Thus are the heavy tires of wine transported about the town!

The style of the buildings reminds one of those in Matanzas, Havana and Mexico, being a rude combination of Spanish and Moorish architecture. They are of stone, quite thick, some three stories high, and the roofs are universally covered with fluted tiles. The houses are often quite picturesque in appearance, with their handsome balconies richly gilded and ornamented, where the women resort to watch the passers-by, and otherwise to amuse themselves. These houses afford the merchants room for all business and domestic purposes. The cellar contains their principal article of trade, namely, wine. Above are the kitchen and other offices; and over these the parlors, dining-room, etc.; and above these, the sleeping apartments. The rooms are often handsomely ornamented in fresco and otherwise adorned. There are, however, no fireplaces, the thermometer rarely if ever sinking below sixty degrees. Therefore no fires are used, except for cooking.

Perhaps the principal reason that wheeled vehicles are not used in Madeira is, that the island is such a succession of hills and valleys as to render such a mode of conveyance almost useless. Horseback riding is therefore the universal mode of transportation, though there is the palanquin for invalids—always with a roof, and often with cloth sides—borne on the shoulders of the stout Portuguese, suspended on poles, and moving along just a few inches from the ground, as the Unknown is borne along with the Bayadere in the play, when Olifor the Pacha sings:

"Happy am I, from care I'm free"

or as Manager Kimball, of the Museum, often transports his fairy favorites and great dignitaries. I confess that I burst into a hearty laugh when the first one passed me in Funchal—first to me, that is—and scenes in the famous "spectacles" at once rose before my mind's eye.

We find here many invalids from all parts of the world. One in particular has much interested me, a lovely young girl of seventeen, Miss E—, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who two months since came hither, as we feared, to die. But the equal and delightful temperature of the island, the sea voyage, the novelty and change of scene, the delightful fruits, all combined, have worked upon her physical system almost like magic, and now the dainty color of health blooms upon her cheek, and the natural fire and beauty of her eyes have returned. Still, let not any one be deceived about this delightful place, for the climate here, as a restorative in cases of confirmed consumption, has been vastly overrated, and much judgment and care should be used in making up one's mind to the voyage hither. The four months of June, July, August and September are the most favorable. With October commences what is called the rainy season, gloomy and unhealthy enough in Funchal, and for invalids to arrive during that period is to aggravate, almost to a certainty, any symptoms of disease they may bring with them.

Another custom peculiar to this island, was at first a source of considerable surprise to me. Ladies and gentlemen riding through the streets of the town, were universally followed by a strong, athletic young man, who, when they chose to ride fast, seized upon the tail of the horse, and kept up with them by means of the impetus thus obtained. The man was always hired with the horse, and both together cost but about half a dollar an hour. He acts in the capacity of servant, holds the horse when you dismount, repairs any little breakages, carries nails and a hammer to set a shoe if need be, and, in short, is a sort of guide and man of all work. The sturdy little horses are very sure-footed and kind, and will carry one a long distance cheerfully, without wearying, over the abrupt hills and valleys, and among the rough stones and jagged rocks that often beset the traveller's way in passing over various parts of the island.

Providence in its divine wisdom often sends clouds to hover over bright spots, and thus has Madeira been visited. Her vine has of late failed to ripen its usually luxuriant fruit, and this being almost the only staple article of produce, namely, wine, the islanders have suffered in the most serious manner. But for the timely and generous aid from America and elsewhere, a fearful degree of misery would have existed. The promise, however, is now for the better, and the sun is once more breaking through the clouds. Smiling faces are again plentiful, and peace and abundance shall again reign over this gem of the North Atlantic.

#### A HUSBAND'S WISH.

Poor Dryden! what with his wife—consort one cannot call her, and helpmeet she was not—and with a tribe of tobaccoist brothers on one hand, and proud Howards on the other, and a host of titled associates, and his bread to dig with his pen, one pities him from one's heart. Well might he—when his wife once said it would be much better for her to be a book than a woman, for then she would have more of his company—reply, "I wish you were, my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you once a year."—*Home and Idylls of British Poets.*

THE MISFORTUNES OF GENIUS.—The world has not so many men of genius that it can do without any one of them. We trust that the time will never come when the world shall refuse to hear them. Let it supply their places with the imitations which tact and working talent furnish, if they break down. Let it bind up the bruised reeds they rest upon. Let a spark of their fire fall on waiting tinder, let it fan that into flame. But whatever their spiritual failures, it has no right to disarm them.—*Christian Register.*

Philosophy is reason with the eyes of the soul.—*W. G. Simms.*

#### SCHAMYL BEY, THE CIRCASSIAN.

Many well authenticated instances of the daring and reckless bravery of this chief are related. The following is one instance: In 1830, Schamyl found himself surrounded by General Grabbe and twelve thousand veteran Russian troops at Achulko, a kind of mad encampment, perched upon the top of a rock on the banks of the Kious. The position of this place was so strong that the attempt to storm it was abandoned, after the loss of fifteen hundred men; but Schamyl had soon a deadlier foe than General Grabbe and his army to contend with—hunger. Hunger, verging upon famine, came before a week had passed. This was known in the Russian camp; and the place having been strictly invested on all sides, it was certain that the surrender could not long be delayed. On the last day but one of August, General Grabbe learned, from an emaciated Lesghian, whom his soldiers had caught while attempting to crawl past the blockading lines, that not a particle of food was left in Achulko; that Schamyl Bey proposed to escape that very night with one or two chosen comrades, by means of a rope lowered down the face of the rock to the Kious; and Achulko, he added, would be surrendered immediately afterwards. A strict watch was immediately ordered to be kept at the indicated spot, and directions were given to awaken the general at whatever hour of the night the capture of the redoubted Schamyl might be effected. Just before dawn, one—two—three men were seen to cautiously descend by a rope, let gently down on the river side, as predicted, who were, of course, instantly secured, and hurried off to the general's tent. One of the captives admitted, in the flurry of his surprise, as was supposed, that he was Schamyl; and that was confirmed by the Lesghian, through whose information the important prize had been secured. General Grabbe was delighted, and an *oestefete* was forthwith despatched with the tidings that the notorious rebel, Schamyl Bey, had been caught, and ordered to be shot out of hand. Whilst all this was going on, the rope, which had been quietly drawn up again, was once more lowered, and this time only one man descended by it, who reached the river unobserved, leaped upon a raft that just at that critical moment swept by, and the two hastily exulting Russian general was roused to a knowledge of the trick that had been played upon him by shouts of "Schamyl! Schamyl!" from the mud walls of Achulko, in exulting reply to the waving of a small green flag, by the true Schamyl, as he swept down the swift Kious in the dawning sunlight, presently to find himself amidst hills and amongst friends, that would render successful pursuit, if attempted, impossible. Achulko surrendered at discretion; the houses were burned, and General Grabbe retraced his steps in a very angry mood, while a daring attack on his rear guard, by the ubiquitous and indefatigable Schamyl, at the head of a large body of horse, exasperated to fury. The Iman was beaten off with some difficulty, and the victorious general's march was resumed, and concluded with no other molestation.—*London Globe.*

#### A NEW DEVICE.

A man named Beissonneau was recently tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police for a very ingenious, though scarcely credible, species of robbery. He one day went to a pastry-cook, and said, "I shall require to-morrow four hundred *briches* (a sort of bun). They shall be got ready, sir," replied the pastry-cook, after having asked for his name and address. He then went to a watchmaker opposite, and selected a watch of two hundred francs. As the tradesman was packing it up, he said, "I am a wholesale butter-dealer; the pastry-cook opposite owes me four hundred francs—he will pay you; come with me." The watchmaker followed the man to the pastry-cook's. "I have come to tell you," said the prisoner, "that I shall only want two hundred—and that you must give the other two hundred to this person, your neighbor." On this, the watchmaker unsuspectingly allowed him to walk off with the watch; but, to his profound astonishment, there arrived the next day, not two hundred francs, but two hundred *briches*. The trick was then discovered. Nothing was seen of the man until some time after, when he was recognized by the pastry-cook's boy, dressed in grotesque style, and selling pencils in the midst of a crowd. The tribunal condemned him to a year's imprisonment.—*Galignani.*

#### NAUTICAL QUERIES.

Whether Bob-Stay, Jack-Stay, Back-Stay, and all the families of Stays, aboard ship, are brothers, or only cousins?

Why is it that a man-o'-war's "colt" has no tail, when the "cat" has nine?

Are the dogs of the dog-watches of any particular breed?

Does the dolphin-striker ever succeed in hitting a dolphin?

In tacking ship what kind of tacks are used? Whether the captain sleeps between the main-sheets or fore-sheets?

If a ship misses her stays does she go back after them?

If the wake of a ship bears any resemblance to an Irish wake?

Are not jiggers and double-tailed lizards very annoying to sailors?

Whether guys and jeers are tolerated aboard of all vessels?

Does a sheep-shank make a good soup? Whose duty is it to trim the ship's whiskers?

If spread-eagles always alight in the mizen-rigging?

If bridles, stirrups and martingales are used by jolly tars for riding sea-horses?

Are not jewel-blocks and garnet-blocks rather expensive articles?—*Punch.*

#### DRAWING THE LONG-BOW.

Tyrone Power, the comedian, who perished in the President steamer, was, in society, very entertaining, notwithstanding his alarming propensity to exaggeration. By his own account, he had been at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and was frequently taken in company for both a naval and a military character, besides various others, of whose duties he had some smattering. Power once observed that the Russians, having crossed the Balkan, and entered Trebisond, would be in Constantinople in about six hours afterwards; and being assured by a most intelligent gentleman of the party that it was impossible, for the places were six hundred miles apart, with the Black Sea between them, Power vociferously exclaimed:

"Pooh! I've walked it before breakfast!"

One of the company went and brought a map to confute Power, when the latter coolly asked:

"Whose map is it?"—"Wylde's," said the other.

"Wylde's!" rejoined Tyrone, "the greatest impostor in existence! I won't look at his map!"—*Alfred Bunn.*

#### THE CHIROPOTAMUS.

The river hog, or chiropotamus, is a denizen of the Guinea Coast of Western Africa, where he spends his time in the rivers and on the banks of that sultry, swampy region. The chiropotamus is comparatively a stranger to civilized life, only one individual of the race ever having been carried to England, and that was exhibited in the Gardens of the Zoological Society a little upwards of six months. Its size is about that of an ordinary pig, which it resembles in its general characteristics, with the exception of its color, which is a bright maroon, verging on the yellow.—*Boston Journal.*



# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.  
MATHURIN M. BAILLOU, EDITOR.

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\* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

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"Island of Madeira," No. 2, by Miss Lucy BRADSHAW.  
"An Even Home Trade," a sketch by the YONGE TEX.  
"The King of the Sea," a story of the tenth century, by ANNE T. WILSON.  
"St. Valentine's Eve," or, "The Buried Treasure," a story by L. E. CURTIS HAZZ.  
"A Winter Evening," verses by Miss N. M. GREENE.  
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"Emma," "Impromptu," "To a Wave," "The Morning Star," "Stanzas," "The Favorite Son," "Friend," "A Year Ago," "The New Year," "The Dying Child's Request."

## LONDON AND PARIS.

These two cities of the old world, which fancy, when it first dreams of foreign travel, instantly calls up, to the temporary exclusion of all others, form two seats of modern civilization, both vast, magnificent, historical, and full of life. With many about to embark for Europe, it is a difficult question to decide, apart from motives of convenience, which shall be first visited, which shall first meet the eye, St. Paul's or Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey or Pere la Chaise, the Thames or the Seine. In architectural grandeur there can be no comparison between the two cities; for, although St. Paul's far surpasses any temple to be found in Paris in solemn grandeur, yet the brilliant capital of France far outshines it in the magnificence and number of its public buildings.

The great charm and attraction of London to the stranger lies in its historical and literary associations, particularly the latter. "There is," says Tuckerman, "a culminating point in national life which is distinctive, an element of social economy which is ideal, and forms the characteristic interest to a stranger. In Greece, it is especially architecture and statuary; in Italy it is painting; in Germany it is music; in France, military glory; in America, scenery; and in London, literature." What august shades of the past are called up in wandering through the scenes once graced by the living presence of Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Nelson, Wellington, heroes, patriots, statesmen, philosophers, painters, warriors; men who have shed imperishable glory upon a little island wholly insignificant upon the map, in comparison to other kingdoms of the globe.

The streets of London are filled with a population bearing the strongest stamp of nationality, from the haughty peers and peeresses who astonish the humble pedestrians of Hyde Park by the splendor of their equipage, to the sturdy coal-heavers and brewers, who so maltreated the butcher Haynau a few years since, nay, to the very blackguards of St. Giles, and the watermen of the Thames. A few hours, now that steam has been pressed into the service of the traveller by sea and land, transports him from the capital of England to that of France. One might almost fancy himself in another world. Separated by a brief space of time, there is a diametrical contrast; the buildings, the men and women, the language, the manners and customs, are all widely different.

The massive palaces, the triumphal arches, the magnificent gardens adorned with statues, fountains and flowers, the columns, the coffee houses, the boulevards, all strike the beholder with astonishment, while the busy tide of life that pours through all the arteries of this brilliant city, makes it a bewildering spot. Here, contrasting with the rudeness of the Londoner, the traveller meets with polite attention from every one. In London a footpad knocks the hat over your eyes when he wants to rob you; here the thief accosts you with a pleasant smile while he dexterously picks your pocket! In Paris every wish the heart can frame may be gratified, and some of the highest aspirations of our nature, with but little cost. Are you a literary man? the finest libraries open their doors, and offer their treasures to you gratuitously. Are you a student of art? you are free to study and paint from masterpieces in one of the finest galleries in the world. Are you fond of amusements, music, dancing? you can have them for almost nothing. Are you a lover of shows and parades? the government gets them up constantly. Are you fond of fighting? stay in Paris a few months, and there will be sure to be a revolution, a "free fight," where every one is privileged to "go in." London is the paradise of the wealthy, and Paris of the poor man.

**INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.**—The London Times, in a recent number, contained an article on the exorbitant charges of the English hotel keepers, and in one week after its appearance, one thousand letters upon the subject were received at the office.

**PROFITABLE ROAD.**—The net profit of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad for the six months ending January first were over \$400,000.

**NUMEROUS.**—In Philadelphia there are forty-five omnibus lines, besides three hundred and seventy-three coaches.

**MONUMENTAL.**—Preparations for building a monument to Pulaski have commenced at Savannah, Georgia.

## COAL IN THIS COUNTRY.

Few persons would suppose at first thought that the coal mines of this country were in all probability a thousand times more valuable than the rich gold mines of California or the extensive silver mines of Mexico. Yet recent discoveries and explorations go far to establish this fact. A late treatise on geology informs us that the great coal formation of this country lies as in other parts of the world in beds running from a mere line up to fifty feet in thickness. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick there is a vast field of excellent bituminous coal covering an area of about ten thousand square miles. In the southeast part of Massachusetts and Rhode Island there is a deposit covering about five hundred square miles, much of which it is believed will hereafter come into use. The great Appalachian coal field, extending from New York to Alabama, seven hundred and twenty miles in length, has an area of nearly one hundred thousand square miles. The Indiana coal field is three hundred and twenty miles long, and extends over fifty-five thousand square miles, and there is one in Michigan one hundred and fifty miles long, and covering an area of twelve thousand square miles. The great Missouri and Iowa coal deposit is estimated to cover an area of fifty thousand square miles. The total area of our coal deposits, without including any west of Iowa, exceeds two hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, or fifty-six States of the size of Connecticut. From the late explorations of Fremont, Marcy, Stansbury and others, coal is believed to exist in abundance throughout the far west, though not in as great abundance as in the Mississippi valley.

## OCEAN STEAMERS.

Within a short time, three new steam lines have been formed to connect Liverpool severally with Maine, Newfoundland and New Brunswick, and which will comprise ten steamships, as follows: Liverpool and Portland line, three; Liverpool, Glasgow and Montreal, five; Liverpool and St. Johns, two. The first mentioned will be semi-monthly. The pioneer of the line, the Sarah Sands, has already made her first trip. The steamers of the Montreal line will measure 2000 tons each, and one of them will be ready in July next. The line to St. Johns is projected by the proprietors of the St. Johns and Liverpool line of packet ships, which consists of eight vessels. The steamers now proposed are iron screw steamships of 1600 tons, to be barque rigged, and to cost \$250,000 each. They will each cross the Atlantic once a month, touching at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on every trip.

**BOSTON BANKS.**—There are in Boston, at present, thirty-seven banks, with an aggregate capital of \$30,160,000. Most of the stockholders in these banks, says a Boston paper, hold their stock as permanent investments. Less than one hundred shares each of twenty-two of those banks were sold at the brokers' board the past year, while of one only two shares were sold; and of one, the Mechanics', South Boston, none has been sold at the brokers' board for several years. Several of the Boston banks, the past year, made dividends from nine to ten per cent.

**IMPROVEMENT IN CAR WHEELS.**—By a new arrangement of car wheels, they can be accommodated to railroads of different gauges. The Cleveland Herald mentions the arrival in that city of eleven cars, freighted with hogs, which were loaded at Indianapolis, and transported in the same cars fifty-four miles over the four feet eight and one-half inch gauge, to Muncie, and thence two hundred and twenty-seven miles over a four feet ten inch gauge to Cleveland. This is an admirable improvement, and will do much towards obviating the delays consequent upon the different gauges of connecting railroads.

**PROSPECTIVE.**—Rev. Mr. Clark, of Hartford, remarked a few weeks since, in his lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, that the time will come when every newly-married couple in search of a house, will go to a manufacturer's, turn over the leaves of his pattern book until they find one which suits them, and then, giving the necessary orders, have it sent to their address, screwed together in the morning, and occupy it at night.

**SINGULAR.**—The modifying influence of a body of water less than a mile in breadth, is conclusively shown by the difference between the two banks of the Mississippi River, near New Orleans, where it runs east and west. The south side has a milder climate—vegetation advances earlier in the spring—the cane has a longer period to mature in autumn, and fruits that are occasionally cut off by the severity of weather on the north bank, are uninfluenced on the other.

**PIERCED BY A SWORD-FISH.**—The British ship Lord Riversdale, on her late voyage to Valparaiso, having sprung a leak at sea, the vessel was hove down for repairs, when it proved that the task of a sword-fish had pierced through the plank, which was of elm, three inches and a half in thickness. The point of the tusk projected beyond the plank seven inches clear, making ten inches and a half thrust through the wood.

**BRIDGE FALLEN!**—The wire suspension bridge, between Covington and Newport, gave way, recently, while two men and eighteen head of cattle were crossing. The men escaped, but some of the cattle were killed.

**SHIP-BUILDING.**—From a list, published in the Bath Tribune, of the vessels built in the Bath collection district the past year, it appears that the number of vessels built was sixty-nine, with a tonnage of 49,399.

**PORKOPOLIS.**—The Louisville papers claim from Cincinnati the title of Porkopolis, the number of hogs slaughtered at Porkopolis this season exceeding the number at Cincinnati.

**AXIOM FOR AN IMPORTUNATE CREDITOR.**—Do as you would be done by.

## EDITORIAL INK-DROPS.

A little salt thrown upon hard ice will soon soften it, so that it can be easily removed.

In prosperity prepare for a change; in adversity hope for one.

They have gold halves and quarters of dollars in California.

The manufacture of brick in Albany exceeds thirty millions annually.

In India, constant fighting has continued, with but little result on either side.

Of the 483 deaths in New York last week, 39 were of small pox.

Sixpenny savings banks are soon to commence operations, in most of our large cities.

The printers at Montreal, lately gave a grand ball among themselves.

A monument to the memory of Mr. Rantoul has been erected at Beverly.

The widow of Alexander Hamilton is 98 years old, but still retains her faculties.

Ice in any quantity has been secured, and of fine quality, in Massachusetts.

Keep out of a hasty man's way for awhile; out of a sullen man's all your life.

The Chicago Journal gives the names of ten railroads which centre in that city.

The Isthmus can now be crossed from ocean to ocean in twelve hours.

Extensive beds of porcelain clay have been discovered near Aiken, Georgia.

A pair of "Gray Shanghaes" were sold recently in England for \$300.

Vis-a-vis are words which stand for visage-a-visage—i. e., face to face.

No entertainment so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

Eighty vessels were lost in a recent violent tempest in the Black Sea.

The vast equestrian circus of Berlin, has been destroyed by fire.

Where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellence.

## THE OYSTER TRADE.

According to the Baltimore American, the production of the oyster trade of the city is equal to or greater than the product of all the wheat and corn raised in the State of Maryland. The whole shores of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries are adapted to the growth of the oyster, and as but one year is required for a full growth, an immense profit accrues to those engaged in the business—a profit that is estimated at some three hundred to six hundred per cent. There are 250 vessels engaged in the business, that average about 900 bushels to the cargo, and require nine or ten days for the trip. These vessels, making in the aggregate 6000 trips during the eight months in the year in which they are engaged, give a total of 4,800,000 bushels per year sold in the Baltimore market. The oysters bring an average price of forty cents per bushel, which gives a grand total of \$2,400,000 per year paid for oysters by dealers in the city. Some of the houses send by the Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Susquehanna railroad, to say nothing of the other modes of transportation, from eight to twelve tons of "canned" oysters per day. The shells are carried, for manure, to all parts of Virginia and North Carolina. In the "shocking" of oysters, the shells will increase about one-fourth, which would give a total of about 6,000,000 bushels of shells, which sell for two cents per bushel, making a return of \$120,000 per year for the shells alone.

**JAPAN.**—The whole area of the empire is computed at 130,000 square miles, and the population is variously estimated at from fifteen to fifty millions. The islands are full of mountains, and the coasts, for the most part, are steep, rocky cliffs. The inhabitants are represented to be of middling size, well made, of fair complexion and civilized manners. They have gold in the greatest abundance, it being inexhaustible. The entire roof of the king's palace is covered with gold, in the same manner as houses elsewhere are covered with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same metal. Many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, considerably thick, and the windows also have golden ornaments.

**A CURIOUS PLACE OF DEPOSIT.**—A woman was arrested in Boston, recently, on a charge of complicity in passing counterfeit money. On searching her trunks, the officer came across some knitting work, and was induced to unwind the ball of yarn attached to it. Having reached the inside of the ball, he found a nice wad of twenty-four bills on the Asiatic Bank, Salem, altered from one's to ten's. The woman was locked up in default of \$5000 bail.

**FEMALE BARBER.**—In Albany they are blest with a female barber, who has "the form of a Peri, and is a perfect paragon of beauty." Beards have to be cut twice a day. Such a passion for clean faces was never known on the Patroon's plantation at the mouth of the Erie Canal, as has sprang into existence since this young lady went into the lather and pomatum trade.

**NEW VESSELS.**—Since the first of July last, as we learn from the Cape Ann Light, there have been enrolled in the district of Gloucester eleven new vessels, all schooners, with an aggregate tonnage of 1156 tons, averaging 105 tons and a fraction each.

**HARD TO BELIEVE!**—A Yankee has just invented a suspender that so contracts when you approach to water, that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over and drops you on the opposite side.

**AN AMERICAN HOTEL IN PARIS.**—A splendid hotel is about to be erected in Paris, after the plan of the Astor House in New York, and to be conducted on the same principles.

**NEW STEAMERS.**—Two large steamers, which it is said will cost half a million each, are building at Buffalo. They are to be called the Plymouth Rock and Western World.

**SAD BUSINESS.**—An actor has been arrested out West for murdering Hamlet.

## GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"A Peep behind the Scenes," a sketch, by Mrs. S. P. DOUGHTY.  
"The Revolution in Germany," by ANNE T. WILSON.  
"The Strolling Players," a story, by FRANCES A. DUNN.  
"Stories of Gods and Goddesses," No. 2, by T. BULFINCH.  
"The Old Oak Tree," lines, by JOHN CARTER.  
"Thoughts during a Snow Storm," lines, by R. GRIP-  
PIN STAPLES.  
"The Snake," verses, by LOUISE A. WORTHEM.  
"My Brother," verses, by ALICE CARY.  
"The Vacant Chair," verses, by ANNIE SOUTHGATE.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week another sporting scene, entitled, Pike Fishing, a characteristic and seasonable picture.

A scene from the novellette now publishing in the paper.

A representation of the Sleigh or Droshky of the Emperor of Russia, as he appears during one of his sudden drives in St. Petersburg.

A picture of the splendid umbrella presented by the Turkish Ambassador to the Sultan of Turkey.

A view of Adrianople, the second city of Turkey.

A view of the Navy Yard at Memphis, Tennessee, as seen from the Arkansas side of the river.

A representation of the Monument to Daguerre.

A view of Nicopolis, a city on the Danube.

Also, a view of Grein, on the Danube.  
An equestrian portrait of Schamyl, the Circassian chief.  
An engraving representing the assembling of the Russian troops for the campaign of the Caucasus.  
A view of Queen Victoria's Poultry House, at Home Park, Windsor.  
Also, a representation of Cochon China Fowls, belonging to Queen Victoria.

\* \* \* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

## Foreign Items.

The public debt of Great Britain is in round numbers, \$4,440,000,000.

The war is not progressing much on the Danube, owing to the inclemency of the weather.

The enormous rise of food in England led to fears that there would be riots among the lower classes.

The merchants on "change" in Liverpool, during a late snow storm had a regular snow-balling affair.

The English press contains many hints and innuendoes about Prince Albert's interference in foreign affairs.

Russia is still engaged in making extraordinary preparations for commencing the campaign in the spring.

The English post-office system of reduced rates of postage is yearly increasing the revenue of the department.

It is mentioned in late English papers, that a clergyman refused to subscribe to a Mechanic's Library, on the ground that it contained the works of Channing and Emerson, who he alleged, were "infidel writers!"

The minister of war, of France, has recently, in answer to a call of the emperor, furnished a statement of the number of men that France could, if necessary, place, without delay, on a war footing. The number is set down at 1,250,000.

The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck has awarded to Captain Ludlow, of the American ship Monmouth, a gold medal, in admiration of his noble and humane conduct to the unfortunate crew and passengers of the emigrant ship Meridian.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

All true love is founded on esteem.—Buckingham.

Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.—Whipple.

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.—S. T. Coleridge.

It is not necessary that acknowledgment allow benefits to grow old.—Channing.

Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind.—La Roche foucauld.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means.—Henry Taylor.

Our destinations do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.—W. G. Simms.

He who gives what he would as readily throw away, gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice.—Henry Taylor.

A statesman, we are told should follow public opinion. Doubtless as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins, and guiding them.—Hare.

We do not sufficiently respect the innocence of childhood; shouldst thou meditate some action which would cause a blush, think of thy son at thy knee.—Juvenal.

Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that even where its own claims are not interested, it indirectly seeks the aliment which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others.—W. G. Simms.

In true eloquence, I wish that the things be surmounted and that the discourse fills the imagination of him who hears, that he has no remembrance of words. An orator of past times, said that his calling was to make little things appear and be grand.—Montaigne.

## Joker's Budget.

A Circular Letter—Capital O.

"Dis cord is horrible," as the musical negro said when he was about to be hung.

November and December are called by the Boston Post, the embers of the dying year.

Mrs. Harris says what puzzles her is where the sailors get their fresh breezes from in salt water.

There are three dangerous institutions in the world, viz: kicking colts, pretty calico and gunpowder.

If they split matches at the rate of sixty thousand per minute, why is it so difficult to get a divorce.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation were weeping, except one man, who begged to be excused as he belonged to another church.

In Lima, Peru, the division of labor is carried out to its utmost extent. Whenever a man is set to digging a well, there are two others employed to do his grunting. We do not see that this can be improved on.

A traveller in England observed a peasant at work, and seeing that he was taking it remarkably easy, said to him—"Mr. friend, you don't appear to sweat any." "Why, no, master, six shillings ain't sweating wages!"

Fabbs says he never knew but one man who thought he was not "smart"—and as he couldn't write, and was both deaf and dumb, he had too much difficulty in getting his opinion to be certain that he understood the question correctly.

A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention; which he did by saying: "Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining."

"Sir," said Johnson, "I can wait."

## Quill and Scissors.

The experiment of making plate glass at Cheshire is quite successful, and a revival in the glass business is the consequence. The proprietors of the glass works at Lenox are making experiments with the sand taken from the top of Washington Mountain.

The schooner Amos Lawrence, from Boston, bound to Norfolk, while engaged on the 19th, off Cape Hatteras, in getting up the anchor, the gearing broke, and a spike struck the captain on the head, from the effects of which he died.

As Mr. Griffin, an aged citizen of South Berwick, Me., was riding through North Berwick recently, his horse took fright, and ran, throwing Mr. Griffin from the sleigh, and so badly injured him that he died soon after.

Mr. Chadfield, of Huntington, Vt., in attempting to get off a hay-mow recently, was fatally injured by a pitchfork, upon the handle of which he was impaled. He lived about two hours in extreme agony.

The guillotine was the first attempt at shaving by machinery. It took off the beard very cleanly. But there was a slight objection to this invention; it invariably took off the head and beard together.

The quantity of flour shipped from New York to foreign ports in the month of December was 317,171 barrels; besides 175,000 bushels of wheat, valued at over \$4,000,000.

A person should not be expected to take off his glove preparatory to shaking hands with another, any more than to take off his boot when about to kick a man.

They are talking with great satisfaction, down South, of strawberries. At a recent banquet at Savannah, Ga., a thousand quarts were served up in one day.

The British Foreign Bible Society have determined to print one million New Testaments for China. The same is contemplated by the American Bible Society.

A beautiful new ship called the Recorder was lost in the falls of the St. Johns river, 5th ult., just after launching. Her anchors were insufficient to hold her.

D. C. Clark, of Brooklyn, a minister of the Methodist church, committed suicide at Harrisonburg, La., on Thursday week. Cause, domestic grief.

Agassiz recently told his audience that human remains have been found in Florida that must be at least 200,000 years old.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company are erecting a new line of telegraph along their road, to be under the exclusive control of the company.

The prices of slave labor in Virginia are very high, and are said to have advanced from 15 to 20 per cent., since last year.

A shad, weighing about three pounds, was caught in the Savannah river on the 14th ult., and sold for \$25.

The Montreal Harbor Commissioners have recommended the construction of a new harbor to accommodate sea-going vessels.

The best "fire annihilator" we ever saw is an armful of green hemlock wood. We have tried many others, but none that comes up to this.

The new post-office tariff of Cuba imposes a postage of twelve and one-half cents per ounce on newspapers.

Eight students have been expelled from the academy at Yates, N. Y., for attending a dancing school.

The mineral wealth of Missouri, is spoken of by the St. Louis Republican in the highest terms.

Beautiful extract—helping a young lady out of a mud puddle.

A voluntary coast guard of 10,000 men is about to be formed in England.

The flour mills at St. Louis have suspended operations on account of the close of navigation.

The ship yards along the Christina, at Wilmington, Del., present a very active appearance.

Venison is plenty in Buffalo. It is selling at a shilling per pound.

Coal sells in New Orleans at three dollars per barrel.

Three persons have died in Hudson—two men and a woman—from eating putrid meat.

Wild pigeons are abundant in Louisville, and sell at sixty cents per dozen.

A large number of sailors are on a strike at New Orleans, for higher wages.

The number of tigers killed in Java during the year 1852 amounted to 717.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Lebedoe Jackson to Miss Sarah A. Ogle.

By Rev. Mr. Eck, Mr. Louis J. Hoefner to Miss Mary Kramer.

By Rev. Mr. Cuff, Mr. Simeon S. Ames to Mrs. Sophia Wilder.

By Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. William F. Hopkins to Mrs. Matilda P. Coombe.

By Rev. Mr. King, Mr. William H. Kelley to Miss Henrietta M. Hancock.

By Rev. Mr. Carwell, Rev. John Davis, of Toronto, Canada, to Mrs. Bantle R. Davis.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Joseph Haskins to Miss Sarah Hargrave.

In Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. George H. Ellis to Miss Eliza M. Sward.

In Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Whittemore, Mr. Frank N. Scott to Miss Almira White.

In Charleston, by Rev. Mr. Stridley, Mr. James E. Colson to Miss Susan R. Saby.

In Newton Centre, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Samuel P. Pennock to Miss Mary A. Thompson.

In Manchester, by Rev. Mr. Danforth, Mr. Joseph G. Elliot to Miss Sarah Ann McCarty.

In Attleborough, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. William M. Fisher, of New York, to Miss Mary Frances Palmer, of Wrentham.

In Woodbury, Mr. B. M. Steyer, of Mil



(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

## THE "OLDEN TIME."

BY T. D. WILKINS.

O, it is sweet to cast the eye  
Adown the long and endless shore,  
Where in their tombs past ages lie,  
Gone from the earth to come no more.  
And it is sweet to gaze and read  
The lessons of the past sublime;  
With memory again to tread  
The pathways of the "olden time."

To bid the scenes again arise  
That happened in the by-gone years;  
And summon them before our eyes  
With all their varied hopes and fears.  
With ages old to hold converse,  
To wander in each storied clime;  
To ponder o'er the deathless verse  
That poets sang in "olden time."

To read the words made true by age,  
That still to man their wisdom tell;  
To follow ancient history's page,  
And view how nations rose and fell.  
To see the sons of genius, all,  
Who strove the hill of fame to climb;  
And bring from out the past's dark hall  
The trophies of the "olden time."

So swiftly still, the cycles pass  
On tireless wing, as time flies on;  
The sand that fills his hour glass  
Fast fades away, and life is gone.  
And soon another race will tread  
Again the paths of years sublime;  
And looking back to ages fled,  
Will place us in the "olden time."

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE

## SCULPTOR OF MODENA:

—OR THE—

## MAGIC OF THE MARBLE VIRGIN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SCULPTOR AND HIS MODEL.

WITHIN a stone's throw of the great Cathedral of Modena, there was an artist's studio. It was on the second floor of a large building, and its two windows were flanked by wide balconies. Within the studio, which was divided into two apartments, appeared all the appurtenances of the sculptor. In the outer apartment, which contained the implements for modelling and numerous plaster busts, and figures in clay, and which was also used for a sort of waiting-room, sat an elderly lady engaged in looking over a portfolio of drawings. She was dressed in a very rich garb, and had the air of one much used to the upper ranks of life; but for all that she was only a serving-woman. She had a look of shrewdness about her, and ever and anon she would turn her eyes towards the screen that covered the arched doorway to the inner apartment, as if she would listen to what was going on there. Once or twice a half-smiling smile broke over her features, and when that smile passed away, she would shake her head and pat her foot, like one who has thoughts too complicated for utterance.

Within the studio there was a different group. Near the centre of the room stood a marble statue of the Virgin. The rough work was all done—the drapery thrown into its required folds—the head and hands formed—the bosom worked down to its due proportions, and the face partly finished. By its side stood Zanello, the sculptor. He was a young man—perhaps thirty years of age—and he possessed a wild, dreamy beauty that was startling at the first sight. He was of medium height, and rather slender of frame, but he lacked not in muscle, nor in anything that marks the true physical man. His features were of the most faultless symmetry, but very pale. His eyes were large and black, containing a world of power and electric light, and his brow was broad and high. His hair was black, and hung in long, flowing curls over his shoulders.

Near by the sculptor, upon a low ottoman, sat a girl—a girl who had seen some twenty summers. She was a beautiful creature, for it was her very beauty that had called her there. Her beauty was of a quiet, modest cast, with none of that voluptuousness which appears to the outer senses, but made up of spirit that looks only to the soul for appreciation. At the present moment her eyes were drooping, and the long silken lashes were traced upon the white cheeks. She was Marianna Torello, a distant relative, and a protégée of the Duke of Modena. She was acknowledged the queen of beauty in the city, and most people who knew her declared that her equal was not to be found in the whole dukedom. She was of noble birth, but an orphan.

The Duke Antonio had engaged Zanello to make him a statue of the Virgin, and the whim had seized him to have the face copied from the lovely features of Marianna; nor was the whim very wild, either, for it were hard for an artist to create a countenance better adapted to express the soul of the Christian Mother. The duke entertained no fears in thus trusting his protégé at the artist's studio, but as a guard against scandal, he always sent her in company with Dorias, one of his wife's trusty serving-women. Once, Julian Pazzi, an acknowledged suitor for Marianna's hand, who was a count, and a favorite of the duke, expressed a dislike to having the maiden go to the studio of the handsome artist, but the duke only laughed at him, and assured him that Marianna's heart was not open to such danger. But we shall see how the count looked upon it.

"Come, signor," said Marianna, in a very low tone, as she raised her eyes tremblingly to the artist's face, "you are slow with your work. The duke will not grant you many more sittings from me."

Zanello raised his chisel to the marble face, but he did not set about his work. He looked upon the living face he was to copy, and again his arm dropped to his side.

"Signora," he said, in a tone as deep and rich as the breathing of an organ, "is a hope-

less task. Go, tell the noble duke that I cannot do his bidding."

"Cannot?"

"That was my word. I would if I could, but I cannot."

"But Antonio will be angry."

"Then so be it."

"And you cannot finish the statue?"

"I said not so. If he will send me another face, or leave me to fashion one from my own creation, I will do the work, but I cannot put your face upon my marble."

Again Marianna's eyes drooped to the floor, and she turned strangely pale. She trembled, too, till her dark ringlets shook as though the wind were playing with them.

"Then you will not want me to come here again," she said, without raising her eyes.

The sculptor started. A wild commotion moved his features for a moment, but when he spoke he was calm again.

"No—there is no need that you should come here more. I cannot do the work for which you are sent."

"I fear the duke will be very angry," said the maiden, slowly raising her eyes.

"Then let him be so," said Zanello, speaking more slowly, and in a very low, calm tone. "I will tell the truth to you, but you need not tell it to him. I would rather brave his anger than to have my own heart crushed and broken. He ought not to have sent you here."

"I am sure he meant no harm, signor; nor can I see where there is any."

"Cannot you understand me? I will speak more plainly, then. Instead of transferring your face to this senseless marble, I have allowed it to become imaged in my own soul. I dare not see you smile again."

The sculptor ceased speaking, and sank into a chair. At the end of a few moments he cast his eyes again upon his lovely companion, but he found that her head was bowed.

"Signora," he continued, with a strange sadness in his tone, "long years ago I laid my mother in the cold grave, and then I was without a friend in the world. Since then I have been a solitary child of fortune, seeking no love, and returning none. I have loved my art, and I had thought my heart could learn to love nothing more on earth; but I have been mistaken. You came to me like a spirit from heaven. I saw you smile, heard you speak, and read the pure thoughts that dwelt in your soul. Already I love you with a passion that must henceforth leave its touch of pain upon my heart; but I dare not venture farther. Go back to the duke, and tell him that I will finish the work without a model. I hope I need not ask your pardon for thus telling the truth."

Zanello drew a screen over the statue, and then turned towards the outer studio. He had moved but a few steps, however, ere he heard his name pronounced. He stopped and turned, and Marianna was looking full upon him. She was pale, and tears glistened in her eyes, but she did not tremble.

"Zanello," she said, "I, too, lost my mother long years ago, and since then I have seen little to love in the gaudy throng that has surrounded me. Few have known the feelings of my orphaned heart. Perhaps the duke ought not to have sent me here; but it cannot be helped now. I have come—and you must not drive me away."

Marianna's eyes drooped again as she ceased speaking, and she now began to tremble. Zanello was not a man to resist the intoxicating flood that came pouring upon him. This drop had made his cup overrun, and without a word he clasped the maiden to his bosom. She looked up and smiled through her tears, and then laid her head upon his shoulder.

At this moment the lovers heard a movement in the outer room, and soon afterwards Dorias looked in.

"Come, signora, it is time we should go," she said.

"I will be with you in a moment."

Marianna was quickly prepared, and having wiped all the tears away from her face, she turned towards the door, but before she reached it she stopped.

"I shall come again," she said.

"Yes—I will go on with the work," replied the artist.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DUEL.

IT WAS towards the middle of the afternoon when Zanello was left alone. The emotions that had come to his soul were too powerful for calm thought. He did not think of Marianna's noble blood, nor of the barrier that the laws placed between them. He only knew that she loved him—that she had reclined upon his bosom, and that she had received his avowal of love with a happy smile. If there was a tangible form to any of his thoughts, it was the thought of another land, where there was no stern duke to interpose between him and his love, and where he could fashion him a home beneath the sunshine of peace and safety. And so for an hour he lived in the realm of his own wild dreams, sometimes sitting by the statue, and sometimes walking up and down his studio.

At length the sculptor prepared himself for a walk in the open air. He had put on his cap, and hung his light rapier to his girdle, and was upon the point of going out, when he suddenly stopped in front of the statue. He gazed upon the marble face, the features of which were just beginning to spring into life, and a new idea burst upon him. His dark eyes glowed with a deeper fire, his pale face was lighted up with a glow of new enthusiasm, and his whole frame seemed set to the strange thought that had come upon him. For a while he forgot the love-light that had found its way into his soul, for genius was overleaping everything that belonged not to its legitimate train.

The face of Marianna Torello had passed away from that marble, and another had taken its place. Up from his own soul the sculptor

had drawn a form that was to live in the white stone. Perhaps he feared that he could not copy the features of the maiden he loved, but he thought that as it may, the outer form had come unbidden to him, and he was resolved to use it.

Having dwelt for a long while in the thought that had so strangely come to him, Zanello started up from his deep study and prepared once more to go out. He locked the door of his studio, and having gained the street he turned his steps towards the Secchia. He had passed on through several squares when his attention was attracted by a party of young noblemen, who were coming towards him. He noticed that Count Pazzi was among the number, and also that their attention was directed towards himself. He would have crossed over and avoided them, but Pazzi interrupted him.

"Look ye, signor sculptor," exclaimed the count, "it appears to me that you kept Marianna Torello a long while in your studio to-day. By San Marco, this will not do. I shall accompany her the next time myself."

"Very well," returned Zanello; and he would have passed on, for he saw that the young man was heated with wine. But the count was not yet done.

"I was at the ducal palace when the lady returned, not an hour since, and she had surely been in tears. Now what caused them?" he asked, in an angry tone.

"I know not the object of your question," returned Zanello; "nor do I choose to make a street talk of one like Marianna Torello. Let me pass on."

"Not yet, for by my soul you shall answer me first."

"I shall answer you no questions here upon that subject, sir count. If you respect the lady you will not make her name a by-word for your companions."

"Now by the Parent of us all," cried Pazzi, drawing his sword and changing color, "you shall answer for this."

"For what?" asked Zanello, apparently unmoved.

"For your insolence, vile dog."

The sculptor was keen enough to see that the count was desperately jealous. He was aware of the young nobleman's fiery temper, and now, that the heat of the wine-cup was added to it, there could be little hope of pacification.

"Sir count, I beg of you that you will respect yourself enough to avoid a street brawl. I would go quietly on my way."

"Out upon thee, dog. Draw, or I'll spit thee as I would a goose."

"Beware, or you may rush too far. Put up your sword."

"O what a coward! Take that, for your insolence."

As the count spoke, he struck the sculptor a blow across the cheek with the flat of his blade, and at that the other nobleman set up a loud, derisive laugh. Zanello drew his rapier and stood upon his guard, but he did not offer to strike.

"At him," cried one of the party, at the same time slapping the count upon the shoulder, to incite him.

"Ay," added another. "He's drawn. Point the dog!"

"One moment, gentlemen," said Zanello, with a strange calmness in his tone. "This broil is none of my seeking, and even now I would go on my way in peace. Let me pass, gentlemen."

"Not until you are punished," hissed the count.

Pazzi made a lunge at the sculptor as he spoke, but it was safely parried, and from that instant, Zanello appeared a different man. A livid spot came upon either cheek, his eyes burned with a steady, deep light, and his muscles were set like iron.

"Beware, sir count," he uttered, as he parried the fourth stroke. "I cannot stand upon the defensive much longer."

But Pazzi heeded not the warning. He was too much blinded with passion to see that under the present circumstances the sculptor was his superior in every respect, and he continued to strike out with an utter recklessness, seeming bent only on the desire of taking the life of his antagonist.

"Signors," said Zanello, turning to the count's companions, but at the same time guarding against the blows that were furiously aimed at him, "will you not remove your friend and put a stop to this disgraceful scene? for see—the people are even now collecting."

But the young men were too much excited to do any such thing, and they only clapped their hands and urged Pazzi on.

Zanello had borne all that he could. At length he received a prick upon the shoulder, and his forbearance was gone. He advanced a step, threw off a blow that was aimed at his neck, and on the next instant his rapier had passed through the count's body. He withdrew his weapon, and after a few wild thrusts Julian Pazzi sank upon the pavement. His friends were sobered in an instant, and they gathered about the fallen man and lifted him up; but he was dead!

"You had better flee while there is opportunity, signor."

Zanello turned and saw an old man standing by his side.

"God knows that I could not help it," he uttered, as he thrust his weapon back into its sheath.

"That is plain enough to me," said the old man, "for I saw it all. But you know the laws of Modena. Death is the inevitable punishment for such a crime as this. You have slain a Modenese nobleman, and for a plebeian, that is death under any circumstances. Flee while there is yet time."

Zanello did hurry away from the spot, but he went towards his own studio. When he reached his room he began to walk nervously to and fro. His mind was the seat of strange emotions; but at length he stopped before the statue, and having thrown off the screen, he became lost in contemplating the dreamy ideal that had moved him an hour ago.

## CHAPTER III.

## CONDEMNED.

ON the morning following the death of the Count Pazzi, Marianna Torello had prepared to go to the sculptor's studio, but before she set off, she received a summons to attend the duke. Antonio Guida, Duke of Modena, was a stern, iron-willed man, and about forty years of age. He ruled in the duchy with the most rigid adherence to the laws, and if he had any kind impulses, they never manifested themselves in connection with his dispensing of justice.

"Did you send for me?" asked Marianna, as she approached the duke.

"Yes, my sweet child. You need not go to the sculptor's studio, to-day."

"Shall I go to-morrow?"

"No. You need go there no more."

"No more!" faintly echoed the maiden, changing color.

"No, Marianna. I have bad news for you. Shall I break it to you now?"

"Yes," tremblingly murmured the fair girl.

"You may as well hear it now, as at any time. Your lover is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Marianna, with a quick cry. "Zanello dead?"

"Zanello!" uttered the duke, starting as though he had been stung. "It is the Count Pazzi who is dead."

A quick look of relief shot across the girl's features, but it was not quick enough to escape the eye of the duke. He had long been used to reading people's thoughts from their faces, and it was no difficult task for him now to read the whole of his fair ward's secret. Marianna knew that she had betrayed herself, for she hung down her head and trembled violently.

"Marianna," at length resumed the duke, "you have exposed to me a thing I could not otherwise have believed. But it has come in season to save you. I will not blame you, for perhaps I myself am to blame. I ought not to have sent you there. But you will go there no more. Zanello is in prison. It was he who killed the count."

Marianna gazed for a moment up into the face of her guardian, and then she sank back. She would have fallen to the floor, but the duke sprang forward and caught her. She was insensible. She had passed from the pain that had seized her heart, for the shock had bereft her of all power. An attendant was summoned, and the form of the poor girl was borne away.

An hour later, and the sculptor stood before the ducal throne. He was in chains, and strongly guarded. The duke looked upon him sternly, but the artist did not shrink, nor even tremble. "Zanello," said the duke, "you are charged with having slain the Count Julian Pazzi."

"He did fall at my hands, my lord; but I only defended myself," calmly replied the sculptor. "He taunted me most bitterly, and drew upon me without any provocation."

"And yet you killed him."

"Yes, my lord."

"You know your fate, then?"

"I know the laws, my lord."

"And that they are rigid."

"Yes."

"Then I have but to pronounce sentence. You must assuredly die."

"It is hard, my lord duke. Had I not resisted, the count would have killed me. I resisted, and now the law kills me."

"You should have escaped."

"But I am only a man."

The duke was struck by this last answer—not only by the words, but by the strange tone in which they were spoken. But he could not help the artist, for there were two laws, either of which would condemn him. One was, that in all street conflicts resulting in death, the survivor should suffer; and the other, that any plebeian who should cause the death of a patrician, should pay the penalty with his life. From the former law the duke often made exceptions, but never from the latter, for even had he been inclined so to do, he would not have dared to meet the indignation of the nobility, which would have been sure to follow it.

"Your doom is fixed, signor. You will go back to your prison, and from thence to the scaffold. I hope God may have mercy on your soul."

The guard would have led the prisoner away, but he hesitated.

"My lord duke," he said, "I know there is no use in asking for my life, but yet I have a boon to beg. I would not die until I have finished the task I have already so nearly completed."

"You allude to the statue of the Virgin," said the duke, while a cloud came over his face.

"Yes."

"And do you think you will have the Signora Marianna for a model?"

Zanello changed color, for he knew by the duke's look and tone that he had discovered the secret of his heart, but he quickly threw off the perturbation.

"Nay, most noble signor, I cannot copy those features if I would. I have the ideal in my own mind, and I must give it life before I die. It shall be yours, and all it shall cost you will be the respite I need. Grant me this boon. In a week I can do it."

"But you cannot go back to your studio."

"I can have a room in the prison, and my implements may be carried thither."

The duke considered a few moments, and in the end he resolved to grant the sculptor's request. He wanted the statue, for he had set his heart upon it.

"Well," he at length said, "I will give you eight days. Will that be sufficient?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then do your work; and at the expiration of that time you die. I can do nothing more for you."

Antonio waved his hand as he spoke, and the sculptor was led from the hall. After he had gone, the duke sought the apartment of his ward, but he found her weeping so bitterly, that he could not find it in his heart to trouble her. He could only regret that he had ever thought of sending her to the sculptor's studio.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE PRISON VISITOR.

WITHIN a close apartment in the strong prison of Modena, the sculptor was at work. The window from which his light came was sufficiently large, but it was securely protected with stout iron bars. There was no need, however, of all this precaution, for nothing could have tempted Zanello from his work. He had finished the drapery, and the last touches had been put to the hands and breast. The face alone was now the theme of the artist's study. No one, to have seen him, would have dreamed that he was under the dread sentence of death. His every thought was upon the creation that was growing beneath his hands, and his dark eyes burned with the fire of genius alone. They betrayed no fear, no covering dross.

At times he would hesitate in his work, and commence pacing the narrow room. Then he would sink down upon his stool and bury his brow in his hands. But 'twas not his death-doom that busied him—'twas the ideal he sought—the features he would breathe upon his marble, and when he had called them to mind he would spring to his work again.

Thus had he worked for several days. The face of the marble Virgin had begun to assume the garb of life, and the artist was more enthusiastic than ever. It was late in the afternoon, and Zanello was improving the last rays of light that were to be his for that day, when suddenly he was aroused by the turning of a key in the lock of his door. He did not like this, for he had been promised that no one should interrupt him except at stated times. The door was slowly opened, and the form of a monk appeared. The visitor carefully relocked the door.

"How now, monk," uttered the sculptor, somewhat petulantly, "have you come to shrieve me?"

Without answering this question, the unbidden presence threw back the cowl, and Zanello started on seeing the beautiful features of Marianna Torello.

"—sh!" uttered the maiden, holding up her white finger. "There may be danger at hand, so speak not too loudly."

"Blessed angel," murmured Zanello, moving forward and taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips. "Has the duke let you come to—"

"The duke would not have sent me in this guise," interrupted Marianna. "No, no—I have stolen my way here, and I have come to set you free."

"But surely the duke will not pardon me."

"No. You must escape. This garb will disguise you. The key of your door I will leave with you, and a trusty servant will be at the outer gate to let you forth. I have braved much to accomplish this, but at length I have succeeded. O Zanello, you may yet be saved."

The sculptor sat down upon his stool, and buried his face in his hands. For a long while he sat thus, and then he arose and gazed upon the growing features of the Virgin.

"Marianna," he said at length, in a tone of sad sound, "I cannot go now. I must finish this work first. I must see it done."

"But that will be too late," urged the maiden.

"If you love life, save it now."

"Ah, signora, life is not so sweet to me as it was once. You would not flee with me."

"Would you ask me to?"

"No, no. God forbid that I should see you in danger."

"Then flee now, and when you find a safe home, I will come to you."

"O God, what sweetness of bliss do you whisper now into my ear. You will come to me, and be ever with me, to bless and love me?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the maiden, bowing her head upon the bosom of her lover. "Only flee now, and when you are safe, I will come to you."

The young sculptor struggled hard with the spirit that was thus called up within him. But at length his face grew calm, and he drew the maiden more closely to his bosom.

"Marianna," he said, "three nights in succession have I dreamed a strange dream. I thought I was upon the scaffold, and the executioner was ready to do his bloody work. Suddenly there came an angelic presence and stayed the axe, and I was free. I knelt down to thank my preserver, and I thought 'twas my own marble Virgin that received my thanks. Thrice has that dream come. O, I must finish my work. I must see that marble as it appeared to me in my dream, and then I will flee."

"Alas, that may be too late. Let me be your preserver."

"Do not tempt me. I would rather die than give you pain, and I would rather die than live to see my work unfinished. I will hurry with it, Marianna—I will strain every nerve. If you can come to me in three days, I will have it done. The duke will yet wait five days for me. Come to me then, and I will flee. If you love me, let me do my work."

"If I did not love you I should not be here," returned the maiden, struggling to keep back the tears that welled up from the fount of her deep feelings. "But I will try to be here in three days from now. Will you promise to flee then?"

"Yes, Marianna, I will promise you that."

"Then God save you till that time. I think I can come then."

For a few moments longer those two bosoms beat together, and then Marianna Torello drew the dark cowl up over her head, and glided away from the prison-room.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE MAGIC OF THE MARBLE VIRGIN.

WITH the sculptor, the hours of daylight passed almost unheeded by. He worked upon his statue with unceasing diligence, and on the morning of the third day from the visit of Marianna, it was all done save a few finishing strokes that were needed to give it the full blush of life. The hours passed on, and the marble features began to throw off the last vestiges of coldness and assume warm tints of thought and







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